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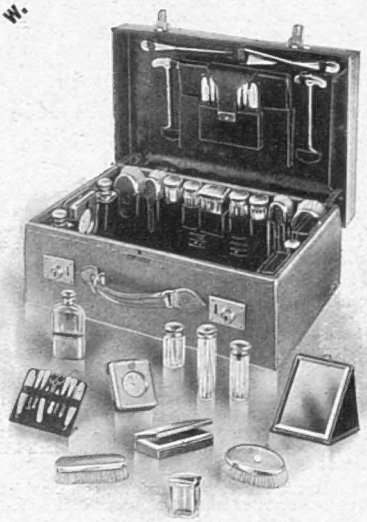

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No. 243.—Vol. XIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 29, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

NULLI SECUNDUS REDIVIVUS: OUR ARMY AIRSHIP'S SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT AT FARNBOROUGH

"Dirigible No. 1," the army airship which was damaged some time ago at the Crystal Palace, is once more in flying trim. Last week she made a circular flight of ten miles at a speed of twelve miles an hour against a twelve-knot breeze at Farnborough

The Wedding of the Week

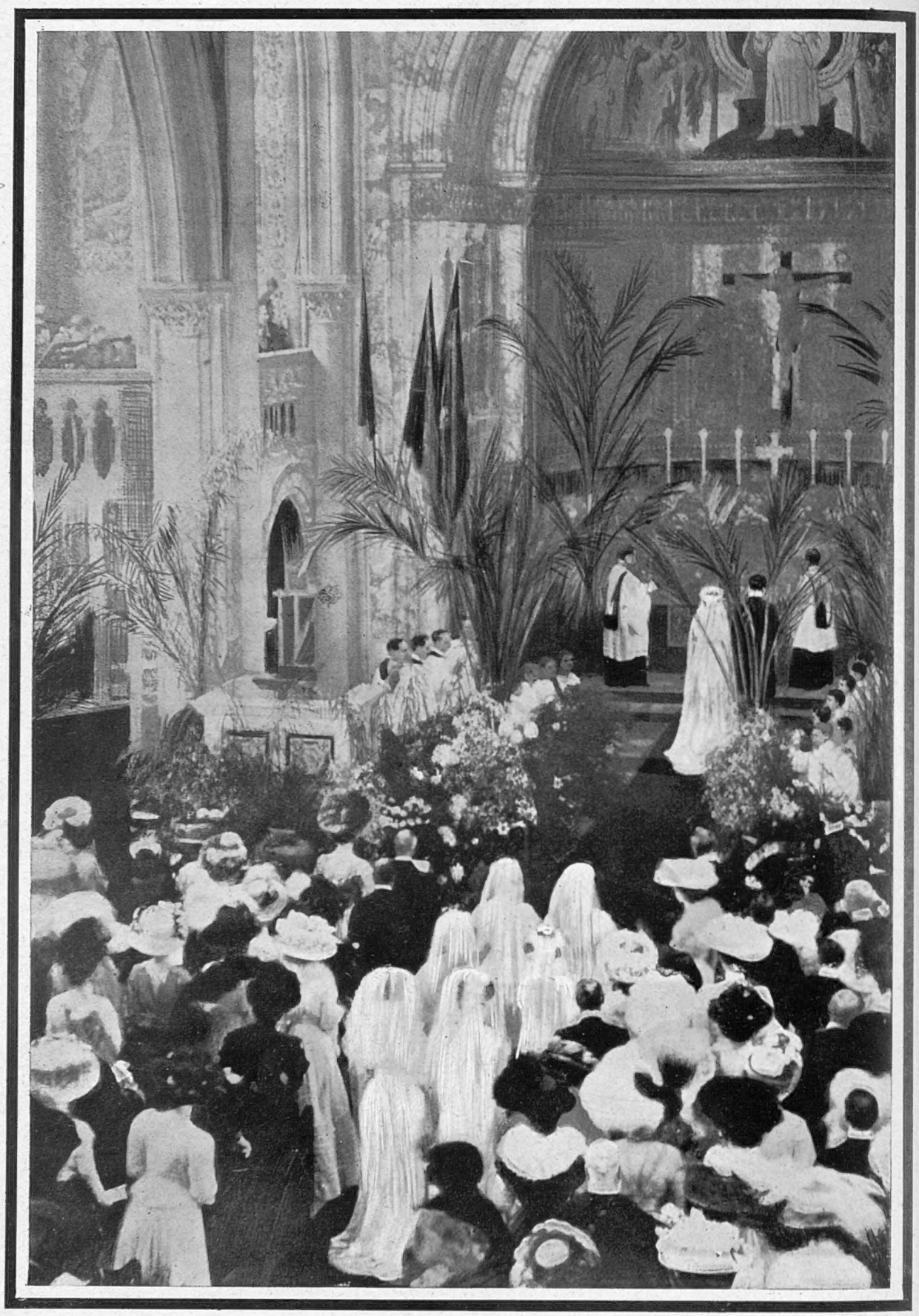
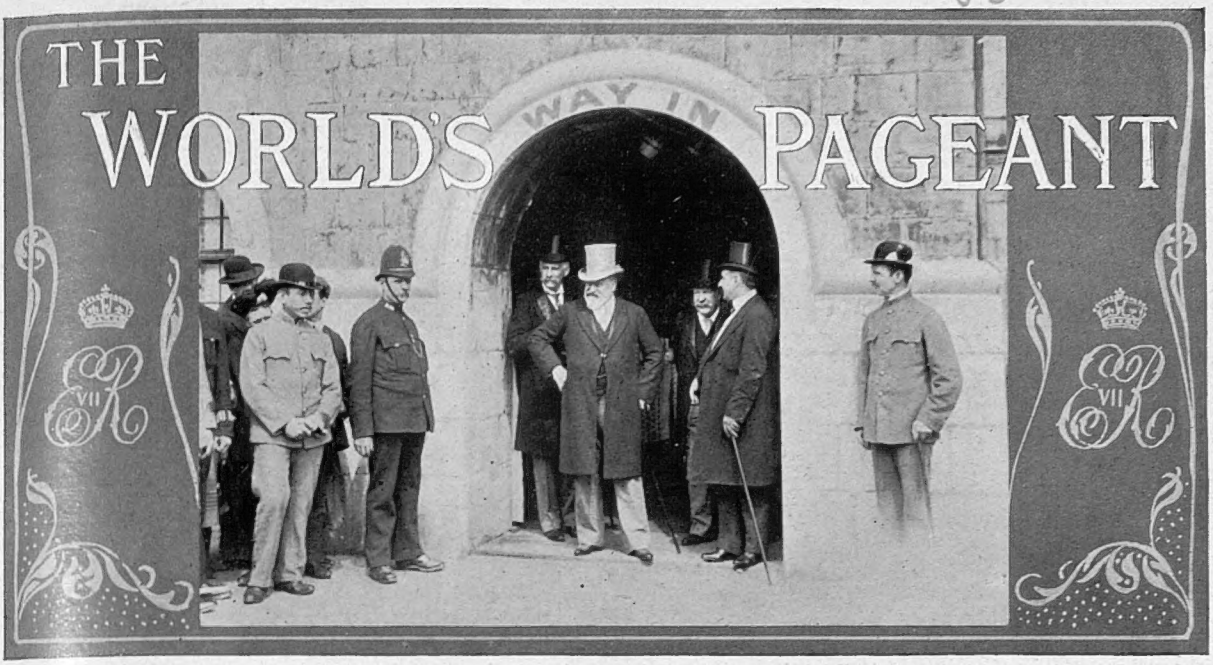


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE SCENE INSIDE THE GUARDS' CHAPEL ON THE OCCASION OF THE WEDDING OF MISS DOROTHY COOPER WITH MR. HENRY STREATFEILD, AT WHICH A MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPANY WAS PRESENT



What They Have Been "Hungarying" For: The King Pays a Visit to Earl's Court

The promoters of the Hungary Exhibition at Earl's Court, which has been a little o'ershadowed by its big sister at Shepherd's Bush, have been "Hungarying" for a Royal visit, and such was vouchsafed them last Thursday, when the King made a careful tour of the Exhibition and Bostock's Jungle

The Goodwood House-Party

A very smart house-party foregathers to-day when the King and Queen and Princess Victoria are the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon for Goodwood. A certain amount of ceremonial is always observed on these occasions, and lavish hospitality is the order of the day. The weather, that omnipotent factor in country-house success, cannot, however, spoil the Goodwood House arrangements; for these are of the all-foreseen order. The Gordon-Lennoxes are nothing if not thorough. Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox is with the Duke of Richmond, and the guests include Count Mensdorf, Marquis de Soveral, Earl and Countess of Ilchester, Lord Durham and Lady Anne Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, Lord and Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, General Sir L. Oliphant, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Hon. Harry Stonor, and Mr. Leonard Brassey.

* * *

The King's Friends

It is almost always the same selection that constitutes the King's lists of friends. Among the racing friends, who invariably include (until quite lately) Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Lonsdale,

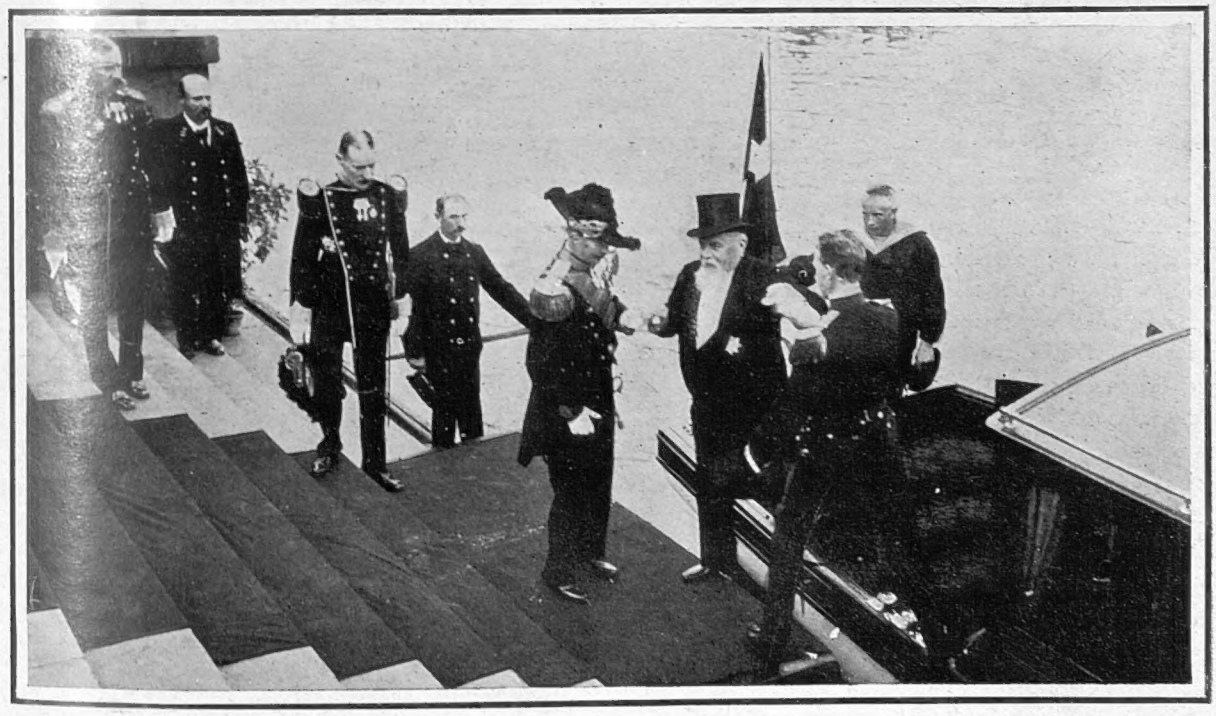


Photo *Chasseau-Flaviens*

Le Bon Fallières en Voyage: The French President meets the King of Denmark at Copenhagen

In the course of his little trip to the North to meet the Tsar at Reval, the French President has had a gay time with the Kings of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. In Copenhagen, to which capital he was cordially welcomed by King Frederick, he attended luncheons, banquets, soirees, and concerts. The coincidence of the meeting of the Russian Premier, M. Stolypin, with the German Chancellor, Prince Buelow, at the same time as the meeting of the President and the Tsar is—a coincidence

The Marathon: A Sort of U.S. Victory

Photo *Sport and General*

Hayes (U.S.A.), the Nominal Winner of the Race, Finishing
Though second to enter the Stadium he was proclaimed winner because of the assistance rendered to Dorando to rise after his collapse—a breach of the rules

so nearly won. At the same time, the declared winner showed splendid form and was undoubtedly the best man. Our pictures say most that there is to be said about this truly Homeric contest.

* * *

A Jewel Ball

Truly a brilliant affair was the recent ball at Grosvenor House. The Royal Quadrille was a thing to be remembered. Rarely have there been so many pretty women. A wonderful constellation of brilliancy was provided by the jewellery, and it was as though every smart woman had depleted all the caskets for the occasion. The Royalties made a great display, the Queen grandly beautiful in her fine jewels. The Princess of Wales favours high pointed tiaras; and the Duchess of Connaught wore jewels where workmanship, more than colossal stones, was predominant. Princess Victoria did not "glitter," and Princess Patricia appeared in girlish gems.

The "Moral" Victor of the Marathon, P. Dorando, Passing the Tape—though, alas, Not as the Winner

Mrs. Hwfa Williams, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Sarah Wilson, Lord Cholmondeley, and Lady de Trafford (before the money trouble), was also counted once upon a time Lady de Bathe—she is never Mrs. Langtry *now*. Mrs. George Keppel and Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester are, of course, ever welcomed by the King. Mrs. George Keppel is invariably included in the "friendly" circle, having even had a seat in the King's box in the Abbey for the Coronation.

* * *

A Technical Win

So the Americans have really won at last, and the Marathon victory is theirs by a technicality. We congratulate our cousins, for their disqualification on a previous day was indeed sad, so clever was the trick by which, on that occasion, their runner had sought victory. Our hearts go out to the disqualified Dorando, who so thoroughly deserved the victory he

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Her Majesty's Concern at Dorando's Collapse
The Queen was present to see the finish of the race, and showed the greatest concern at the exhaustion of Dorando, to whom, on Saturday, she presented a special cup

The Crowning Event of the Olympic Games

THE START OF THE MARATHON RACE FROM WINDSOR CASTLE

DORANDO

Photo] THE CROWD OF RUNNERS COMING DOWN CASTLE HILL, WINDSOR *L.N.A.*

The blue riband of the Olympic Games, the great Marathon Race, started by the Princess of Wales at Windsor, and witnessed at the end by the Queen at Shepherd's Bush, produced the most remarkable scene of any other event of the international meeting. The route was lined by thousands of spectators, all on the look-out for what they never found, a representative of the United Kingdom in a prominent part in the race. But, of course, the Stadium was the great place to be in; and it was filled, for the first time during the Games, with thousands, who cheered—and sympathised with—the unlucky Dorando

Some Hostesses—and the Bride—of the Week

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Lady Tennant

Who has entertained lately at Queen Anne's Gate. Her husband, Sir Edward Tennant, has just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant for Peebles-shire

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Weetman Pearson

Who gave a large dance last week at Carlton House Terrace, at which the Premier and Mrs. Asquith were present

The Duchess's Serpent

The Duchess of Westminster's jewels claimed attention. Her tiara was very high and almost heavy-looking, rich in turquoises and diamonds, a flashing *rivière* was across her corsage, and a serpent, wickedly brilliant, adorned her in most alluring style. The Countess of Dudley had some Viceregal adornments; Lady Sarah Wilson, the smartest of Parisian designs; Mrs. George Keppel wore right Royal selections; Lady Campbell, a Parisian diamond tiara with huge pearls; the Duchess of Rutland, the usual diamonds placed low on her hair; and such *grandes dames* as Lady Lansdowne, Lady Londonderry, the Duchesses of Buccleuch and Bedford were not only dazzling with diamonds, but also with Orders. The King, after the Royal Quadrille, indulged in his usual little Bridge-party with his *intimes*. I did not notice the Marchioness of Headfort (of Rosie Boote and Gaiety fame) make her annual social appearance this time.

* * *

Some Successful Hostesses

The Duke and Duchess of Portland gave a dance on Thursd y night last at Grosvenor Square, when they were honoured by the King and Queen. Her Majesty wor a beautiful gown, rich in garniture, as has been her choice this season. The Duchess of Portland, whose serious expression sadly mars the beauty of her features, looked stately with many jewels; and "portly Portland," rubicund and bucolic-looking, seems, now that the Druce sword of Damocles has fallen and smashed itself, to have quite settled down as a paterfamilias, since Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck has been "out."

* * *

Like a Regatta Night

Lady Londesborough's postponed birthday party took place on Wednesday at St. Dunstan's Lodge, Regent's Park, in honour of the eighteenth birthday of Lady Irene Denison—and was a particularly nice one. The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came. The entire arrangements were delightful, a very pretty idea being that not alone were the grounds beautifully illuminated, but also the boats and landing-stage, reminding one much of Regatta night on the Thames. Lady Londesborough looked well with many jewels, and Lady Irene Denison was sweet in girlish simplicity. Quite a little flutter was created by a motor episode. As many cars taking guests were rushing through Regent's Park (which is so badly lighted and a thorough disgrace to the authorities), an electro-mobile collided with a Charron limousine (which had a ducal coronet upon its panels), and an ugly accident looked imminent. A few faint screams, a white gloved hand stretched out of the window, a bump or two and the fine limousine cleverly righted

Photo] **Miss Dorothy Cooper** *[Thomson*

Married to Mr. Henry Streatfeild, amid great pomp and circumstance, at the Guards' Chapel, last week. She is a daughter of Sir D. Cooper, of racing renown

Winding Up the Season

itself, leaving the electromobile to carry its pretty, affrighted passengers in safety to Lady Londesborough's.

* * *

Political Hostesses

Lady Dickson-Poynder, on the 21st, received the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia, and the Crown Princess of Sweden at dinner, and a dance followed. Everything was beautifully done, malmaisons being the principal flower for decoration. Lady Dickson-Poynder does not entertain on a large scale, but her list is always a select one, with someone "rather particular" usually included. On this occasion Lord Curzon of Kedleston fulfilled this requirement, the proud ex-Viceroy going but little into Society. Lady Weetman Pearson also gave a dance a few nights ago, which was crowded. Pink carnations were everywhere; the little supper tables very smartly arranged, and the terrace charmingly illuminated. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith (why was she not where Royalty honoured a party?) were among a goodly set. Sir Weetman Pearson, so successful in railway contracts, did not outshine Sir Blundell Maple in wedding gifts when his daughter married; for, while the late Furniture Magnate gave his only child a house in Grosvenor Square, Sir Weetman contents himself with giving hospitality at Carlton House Terrace to his daughter and her husband (Lord Denman), when they are in Town. Lord and Lady Denman also give their political parties at the paternal house.

* * *

Holland House and Osterley

The Dowager Lady Ilchester was much to the fore in the cause of charity at Holland House for the Kensington Philanthropical Societies. Holland House has ever been the home of philanthropic efforts, and always spells success for these deserving functions. The Countess of Jersey's last garden party was somewhat dull, on account of people leaving rather earlier this season. Those who came down from Town enjoyed the lovely environment which Osterley Park boasts. The hospitality was once more lavish, and everything was very well done; in fact, Lady Jersey is quite the most considerate hostess.

Photo] **Mrs. Walter Burns** *[Alice Hughes*
A prominent dance-giver of the week

Photo] **The Cult of the Celtic Kilt** *[Lafayette*
The Hon. W. Gibson—son (and heir) of Lord Ashbourne—who seldom appears in public unless attired in the Irish kilt, which recently caused so much consternation in the House of Lords

Photo *Keturah Collings*
Princess Alexis Dolgourouki
Who, in the rôle of patroness, gave a musical party last week, at which Mr. Furniss Williams, in whom she takes a great interest, sang

In Grosvenor Street

The afternoon musical party at Upper Grosvenor Street given by the Princess Alexis Dolgourouki was all for Mr. Furniss Williams, in whom the Princess takes a great interest. The pretty drawing-room, luxurious in tapestries, was crowded, and many artists assisted. The rôle of patroness quite suits Princess Dolgourouki, whose ambition to be an important personage has come to her—by marriage with a Russian Prince—rather late in life. As Miss Fleetwood Wilson she was well known, but the glamour surrounding the title of Princess was worth waiting for. Mrs. Walter Burns was a dance-giver among the many entertaining on the same night. Some guests came on from the Dorchester House dinner, notably the Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. and Mrs. Willie James and Miss Millicent James, Count Albert Mensdorf, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord and Lady Ingestre, and others. The hostess had lavishly provided for her guests; but then, who does not in Grosvenor Street?

* * *

On the "Wrong Side"

Sir Edward Tennant (the new Lord-Lieutenant for Peebles-shire) and Lady Tennant have been among those entertaining this season. Sir Edward, who is very rich, is a keen politician—although in marrying the sister of the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham he did not abjure Liberalism. In fact, the Tennants are deeply steeped in what many call the "wrong" side, seeing that Mrs. Asquith and Lady Ribblesdale (his sisters) are so inevitably Liberal in their professed opinions.

* * *

Riches to the Rich

The Streatfeild-Cooper wedding, at which Royalty was present, had a pleasant echo in the reception held by Lady Cooper at her house in Grosvenor Square, where the wedding presents were on view. Riches to riches was evidently the case, as lavishness was pre-eminent in the choice of the gifts. That presented by the King was really a pretty piece of jewellery. When his Majesty's present is a rich one, it usually denotes there is wealth in the family of bride or bridegroom.

Indiscretions—Irish and Otherwise

The Kilt Comedy

The recent absurd to-do on the part of the Parliamentary officials as to the appearance of an Irish visitor clad in the national version of the kilt moves one first to mirth, and, next, to the thought that the garb is worn by quite the best people in the Isle. I do not, of course, include Lords Aberdeen or Pirrie—or even Lord Haddo—in the list of these, but the photograph on page 217 shows a scion of the Irish aristocracy wearing it with considerable effect—the Hon. W. Gibson, the promising son of Lord Ashbourne, who was well known at one time as Attorney-General for Ireland. When Mr. Gibson married, some ten years ago, it was much commented upon that he had selected a French wife, Mlle. Marianne de Monbrison. He is a staunch Conservative, like his father.

* * *

Another Indiscretion

My remarks of last week anent the Royal disapproval of public dancing exhibitions by members of Society bear, it seems, a little extension. Not only has his Majesty had, lately, to make complaints in that direction, he has, also, it is said, had to administer a stern reprimand to another prominent and highly placed lady for seeking to introduce to her Majesty (who is not, as it were, a "woman of the world") a celebrity who, though now well reputed as an operatic star, was previously known in a less auspicious connection. The King's letter was abrupt, and conveyed the information that the indiscretion was one he was "not likely to forget."

* * *

Mr. Chancellor's Troubles

All is not going well with Mr. Lloyd-George in his new and exalted sphere. Not only is he having a most uncomfortable time of it politically, as a result of certain queer intrigues conducted by him and certain colleague in connection with a proposed reduction of Army and Navy expenditure, but rumour is now busy as to the existence of embarrassment of another kind, which is even less likely to prove of assistance to his career. Mr. George has, of course, been overloaded with flattery of late, especially from the fair sex, which it is always difficult for a man of "temperament" to resist. The matter may, of course, be kept quiet. Also, it may not. *Nous verrons.*

Sir Timothy O'Brien

Who, it is alleged, caused to be conveyed to a juror the message that he "would prefer a farthing damages to a disagreement"

* * *

Olympic Henley

Let me remind my readers that THE BYSTANDER Enclosure at Olympic Henley, from which a splendid view of the racing is to be had, is now open. See page 258.

* * *

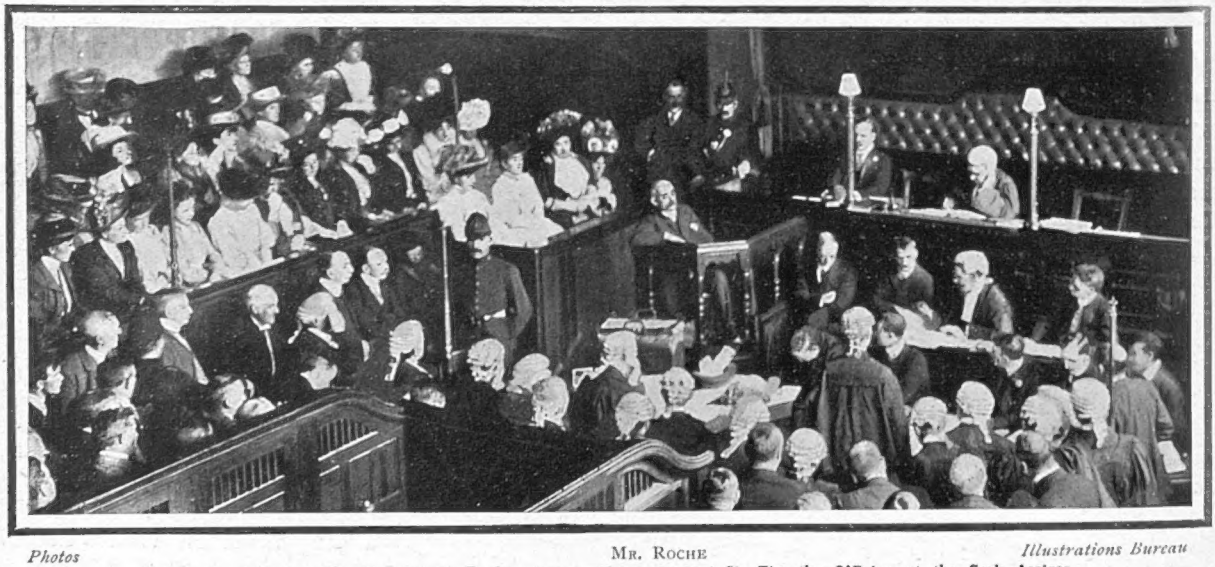
A Marlborough Rumour

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was a notable figure at Mrs. Walter Burns's recent dance in Grosvenor Street, has for some time devoted herself to soul-satisfying charity. Is it a solace she seeks? Still, it is a strange contrast for the Duchess to be at odd places, awarding dolls and cricket-bats to youngsters, while the Duke, her husband, without her presence, hospitably entertains Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, with Lady Eileen Wellesley, and some of the best known people, for the week-end at Blenheim Palace. Rumour has it that a reconciliation may be brought about between the Duke and his wife. All who know the Marlboroughs are hoping that the rumour is a true one.

* * *

A Difficile Duke

The Duke of Marlborough is still looked upon as a young Duke, although he is in his thirty-eighth year, and despite the fact that he has accomplished not a



Photos MR. ROCHE *Illustrations Bureau*

Before the Collapse: The Hon. Alexis Roche giving evidence against Sir Timothy O'Brien at the Cork Assizes

Irish Society is staggered at the sensational collapse of the slander action brought by the Hon. Alexis Roche against Sir Timothy O'Brien. The next stage is the coming investigation as to whether Sir Timothy was a party to the alleged endeavour to influence the jury by means of a telephone message to Mr. Morrough, one of the jury, and a friend of Sir Timothy

Where the King "Goodwoods"

AND, INCIDENTALLY, RECEIVES HIS PRIVY COUNCILLORS THIS WEEK

Goodwood House from the Park

The Park, within which, of course, is situated the famous racecourse, is 2,000 acres in extent, and is noted for its fine cedar, chestnut, and cypress trees

Photos *Ullet*

The Yellow Drawing-Room at Goodwood

Goodwood House, where their Majesties are now the guests of the Duke of Richmond for the race week, though not possessed of a very striking exterior, except for its fine Ionic porch and Doric colonnade, is replete with art treasures, including many Vandyks, Reynolds, Gainsboroughs, Romneys, etc., besides some most valuable Gobelin tapestry illustrating the life of Don Quixote, and some priceless Sèvres, the gift of Louis XV.

Photo **His Majesty's Hostess** *Langfier*

Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, the Duke's youngest daughter

A Marlborough Reconciliation ?

little in his time in various official trials. When he was a lad, the Duke attracted the notice of the late Lord Salisbury, who formed the highest opinion of his capabilities, and prognosticated a fine political career for him. As a fact, however clever in his way, the Duke has inherited the peculiar gifts of neither his father, the late Duke, who, albeit a crank and little known of the world, was, in the opinion of many, the most brilliant all-round man of his time; nor of Lord Randolph Churchill, his uncle. Like all the Churchills, he is somewhat *difficile* of temperament, but he has his good points, is a generous landlord, and a keen and practical farmer, owning nearly 25,000 acres.

* * *

House-Planner

An ardent whip, when at Cambridge he was elected Master of the 'Varsity Draghounds. Although a delicate man, with a tendency to throat trouble, the Duke is by no means a *fainéant*, and much of the work in his household that other noblemen leave to their house-stewards, he undertakes himself. When, with the Duchess, he entertained the King and Queen at Blenheim, the organisation of the visit was entirely the work of his Grace, who thought out every detail himself. About house-planning, too, he is clever, and Sunderland House, in Curzon Street, was built almost entirely after his directions.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Duke of Marlborough

Who recently entertained a house-party at Blenheim at which most of the higher aristocracy were present. The Duchess, meanwhile, continues to devote her attention to charity, though there are rumours of an approaching reconciliation with the Duke

A Pageant Pandemonium

Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker has created another record besides that of inventing only one pageant this year—at Dover. This single product of his genius must, I am sure, be the noisiest pageant ever invented. Some people like noise, and I suppose Mr. Parker did not forget that his half a dozen kings made a considerable noise in the world. But I am positive none of them ever made so much noise as the Narrative Chorus. After each gorgeous episode, in which the talk is punctuated with yells (or, as there are so many, shall I say the yells are punctuated with talk?) the Narrative Chorus shouts a century or two of history, and——but it is all very fine and splendid, and nobody criticises pageants because they teach us all such a lot about our glorious great-great-great-great grandfathers and mothers. Besides, who knows that Sir Edward Grey has not tipped Mr. Napoleon Parker the wink to make as much noise as possible in order to frighten the Germans prowling the North Sea looking for a likely spot to land on our unprotected coast during the absence of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Percy Scott, who are not—but after all the talk of the Dover pageant it is a positive relief to think that some people are not on speaking terms!

Photo *L. N. A.*

Dover's Defence in Case of Invasion? : A Pageant Hint for Mr. Haldane

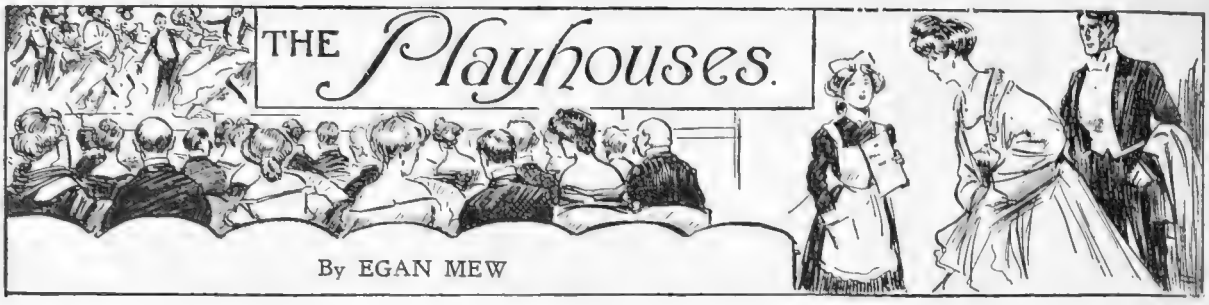
The Dover Pageant is certainly the most strenuous pageant we have had. The warriors shown in our photograph of one of the scenes would surely succeed in frightening off any German invasion that may happen to be coming along, and if they didn't, perhaps their noise would!

A Princess Among the Flowers

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK AT THE RECENT VEGETABLE AND FRUIT SALE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS

A pleasant afternoon was spent by Princess Alexander of Teck and other well-known people at the Royal Botanic Gardens among the flowers, fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, and home-cured bacon of the Women's Agricultural and Horticultural International Union, a useful society with a long name



THE Playhouses.

By EGAN MEW

At the Savoy

The revival of *H.M.S. Pinafore* has been received this week with ecstasy by those faithful followers of the old Gilbert-Sullivan dynasty who have long prayed for the reproduction of the light operas of their youth. This band, although enthusiastic, is small. I fancy the great heart of the public has had enough of *Pinafore*, good as it seemed in other days. I fear it is impossible to renew your youth by dipping three times in the Savoy Theatre. The humours of the First Lord, the Captain, Deadeye, and the rest are too familiar, too much part of the national language, to amuse any longer. To be reminded of that far-off time, when it was impossible to say one never did so and so without the terrible, ready-made rejoinder—"What, never?" is too heartrending. To hear again the airs of what every amateur called "Sweet Little Boughtercop," and the lilt of "Never mind the why and wherefore," is simply to recognise the shadow of a shade of the days that are no more. A joke which lasts for thirty years is too brazen to be agreeable. It has not had time to be quite forgotten, only years enough to wear it to the very bone.

* * *

Twenty Years Too Soon

I see those kindly newspaper people find the revival delightful; Mr. Rutland Barrington, unaltered by the passage of years, as Captain Corcoran; Miss Rene's Bumboat Woman, oh, so clever; Miss Spain's Josephine, charming, and so forth; and, therefore, I suppose there is always a new generation for these things and a just and generous welcome. My trifling contention is that it is not quite time for *Pinafore* to reappear. Another twenty years, when it can be produced in the costume of eighteen-eighty-something and be accepted as a real picture of life and the navy of the period, that is the sort of victory to which it should now look forward.

* * *

A New Operetta

The management at the Savoy has very cleverly kept up the feeling of the early 'eighties of the last century by producing a dear little front piece instinct with the feeling of that period. This is from the admired pen of Messrs. Fenn and Farraday. *A Welsh Sunset* is full of the delicate old-world charm of those one-act musical plays which used to help the audience to take their seats before Mr. Corney Grain gave his entertainment. That was in the brave days when the German-Reeds ruled at St. George's Hall, and everybody was very young—but is it quite fair to give us that sort of thing in the present year of grace?

Photo Dover Street Studios

Miss Isadora Duncan

The prototype of all the "classical" dancers of greater and less degrees of merit now appearing all over the country. She and her little pupils, whom she is teaching how to "live beautifully," have been dancing with eminent success at the Duke of York's Theatre

* * *

Chopin, Schubert, and Moszkowski

Since the first night that Isadora Duncan danced at the Duke of York's Theatre a total change has come over the spirit of her work. The dull and artificial music which Christopher Gluck wrote for *Iphigénie in Aulide* has given place to the most agreeable composers in the world, and Miss Duncan and her group of delightful children have been inspired to efforts as gay and beautiful as the music itself. It is difficult to tell how this company has been translated, but it is certain that at the present time no such delightful entertainment could be found elsewhere in London as those dances in which these alluring children take so spirited and *débonnaire* a part. Society seems to be instituting a cult of youth and innocence, graceful movements and music of sophisticated rhythm, that augurs well for its artistic future.

* * *

Miss Isadora Duncan's Pupils

Prince Arthur of Connaught and Princess Patricia were so charmed with the trippings of Miss Duncan and "her Parisian dancers" to music on Saturday the 18th, that they persuaded the Queen to pay a visit to the Duke of York's Theatre, which she did on Monday, and is said mightily to have enjoyed the frolicking of the children. It must be a concession on the part of Mr. Charles Frohman to the *Entente Cordiale* that he advertises the little girls as "The Parisian Dancers." They are so obviously German! Miss Duncan, after failing to attract audiences in London a

One of "The Boys"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS VERA BERINGER

Who recently produced and played in a clever and amusing piece, entitled "The Boys" (of which she was herself one), by "Henry Seton" (Miss Beringer herself?), at a special matinee at the Court Theatre. The play also filled the bill at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, a few weeks ago, for a short run, and will probably be seen at a West-End theatre before the end of the year

The Coming Rostand Masterpiece

few years ago, fled to Berlin, where she "caught on" at once, and where the people even built a Greek theatre for her. Forthwith she set up an *atelier* for children, or, rather, I should say, a sort of school. Here only things beautiful to the eye were permitted to have a place: beautiful flowers, sculpture, infrequent pieces of furniture of Greek design, and replicas of classical pictures. The wonderful part of the story is that the conscientious German mothers flocked to Miss Duncan, and confided their babes altogether to her care; nay, signed documents promising not to claim them until they had reached a mature age, and until they had acquired the art of "living beautifully." Miss Duncan herself is, of course, the High Priestess of her Temple, the exponent of things that make for "sweetness and light." It is quite true that the plainest children become pretty in time under the Duncan *régime*. In London, people have tried to lionise the little dancers, but Mr. Frohman won't have them go out and be spoilt. Mustn't it be a little dull for them in their lodgings at Mortimer Street, kind though their High Priestess may be to them?

* * *

Miss Vera Beringer

Of late London has not often had the pleasure of seeing this lady on the stage, but no one has forgotten the immense hit she made—how many years ago?—in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, when she was a tiny little girl. *The Boys*, at the Court Theatre the other day, gave her rather a poor part, but I have heard it whispered that "Henry Seton," the author, and Miss Beringer are one and the same. Anyway, it is pretty certain that this clever lady will carry on the victories of her early girlhood—for talent runs easily in her family. Mr. Oscar Beringer is far-famed in music, and the literary talents of Mr. Beringer—have they not shone in *A Bit of Old Chelsea* and a dozen other plays and novels?—while a sister, Miss Esmé Beringer, is one of the most sympathetic and charming actresses on the stage. I have heard she, too, has a pseudonym, but for the moment I forget it—and "Who's Who" has become so very reticent in these matters.

* * *

A New Masterpiece—No Doubt

M. Coquelin *aîné*, whose interesting season recently closed at His Majesty's, told us something of the fine qualities of the play M. Rostand has now delivered to the management of the Porte St. Martin. One need not be surprised at his dithyrambics when it is remembered that MM. Jean Coquelin and Hertz have paid no less than £10,000 on account of royalties. When a poet is at last persuaded to write a masterpiece, and his terms are so handsome, you may be sure that the preliminary puffs will be pretty frequent and attractive. No audiences have enjoyed Madame Bernhardt in *L'Aiglon* or M. Coquelin in *Cyrano* more than those of London, but it is doubtful if the title of the greatest dramatist of his generation which the advance agents give Rostand is altogether earned—yet.

* * *

"Chanticleer"

Is, of course, the ringing title of the new piece, in which the hero is a farmyard cock (M. Coquelin), the heroine a golden pheasant (Madame Simone le Bargy), and the philosopher an old watch-dog (M. Jean Coquelin). I think it has already been arranged that when the *première* takes place in Paris this autumn an English version shall also be produced here and in New York. This translation will be made in verse by that practised hand, Mr. Louis N. Parker, whose *L'Aiglon* proved him to be easily first at this class of work, although we happen to be rich in poets who could do this sort of thing with grace and ease—say Mr. Phillips, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Le Gallienne, and *les autres*.

Photo **M. Edmund Rostand, whose Masterpiece we Await** *E.N.A.*

On his recent visit to London, M. Coquelin announced the production of a "masterpiece," entitled *Chanticleer*, by M. Rostand, which is to be produced by him in Paris in the autumn, but the sceptical are inclined to think that M. Coquelin's eulogies of the coming play are coloured by the fact that he has already paid the dramatist £10,000 on account of royalties

* * *

At the Coliseum

Some music-halls, and places where they don't often sing, still find it the best policy to give a long entertainment, as they say, with just two things worth seeing. At the Coliseum these two really charming "turns" are foreign. Mlle. Celia Galley, in her fragment of *Carmen* and her Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, is just what the programme calls her, a vivacious and humorous artist; she is also very clever and pretty. Mlle. Odette Valery, who follows her, is an admirable dancer of the older dramatic school. It is true that she appears in "Salome," and that her feet are bare, but her method is totally unlike the other Salome at the Palace. Her Cleopatra is highly impressive, and if only her music were as sophisticated and beautiful as her dances and her asp, the performance would draw the town.

Of Which We Weary Never (Well, Hardly Ever)

"PINAFORE" REVIVED—TO THE DELIGHT OF THE ERUDITE

The Ruler of the Queen's Navee and the Cynical Sailor
Mr. C. H. Workman and Mr. H. A. Lytton

The Captain of the "Pinafore" and the Fascinating Cousin
Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Jessie Rose

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Final Scene of Act I. In which everyone makes merry on the deck of the "Pinafore"

Following the revival of *The Mikado*, performances of which, by the way, are still going on, Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has again given Londoners the opportunity of seeing that hardy Gilbert and Sullivan annual, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Needless to say, the house is crowded to its utmost capacity for every production, and the players, of whom Mr. Barrington is in his original part, seem to enjoy the performance no whit less than their audience

The Making of a Prima Donna

The Hippodrome

Following the idea of having one really fascinating show among a number that are more popular than remarkable, the Hippodrome has produced a most attractive Japanese play, *Otake*, with Madame Hanako in the leading rôle. This little tragedy, with plenty of comedy in it, was produced in English about a year ago, but as it is now seen it is doubly delightful both for its beauty and its drama.

* * *

Still Harping on the Franco-Brit.

All the evil auguries in regard to the absent audience at the Stadium have been shattered this week, when atleast three generations of Royalty have been frequent visitors and the public have rolled up in thousands. One can hardly expect that even London can afford an audience of 50,000 every day; there is still a little work to be done, although the season is coming to an end. Among other parts of the Exhibition that are booming just now is the Irish village, which has obtained an advertisement in the House of Lords, and made the most of it. Recently, when the Countess of Aberdeen visited "Ballymaclinton," she was delighted with the whistling of Mr. William D'Arcy, a siffleur who is Irish in the tenderness and beauty of his note and American in the spirit and *élan* he puts into his solos. A fine whistler is capable of the utmost art, and can touch us in a thousand ways. This the Countess evidently felt, for she followed the thrilling music of "Killarney" with rapt attention, and warmly thanked the performer before leaving.

* * *

Cavalieri's La Tosca

By way of demonstrating that the season is still in a hale old age, the Saturday before last at the Opera was a crowded function. Society, led by the Queen, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sparta, came in battalions. Among them the most prominent were Lord and Lady de Grey, Lady Charles Beresford, and the Duchess of Rutland. All were immensely interested in the La Tosca of Mlle. Cavalieri. Especially closely was she watched by that graceful artist, her Grace of Rutland, who saw, perchance, some diviner spirit in the beauty of the singer than would appear to the common eye. Mlle. Cavalieri herself was perfectly self-possessed and equal to the great occasion. Her calls were many, and when before the curtain her mode of acknowledging the thunders of applause struck one as particularly skilful. There was a little curtsey and bow for the Royal box, of course, and then to her various and many admirers a bow, a smile, a wave of the hand, and then again, to all and any, a graceful curved movement of the whole body and arms, which seemed to tell once and for ever of her appreciation of the audience's appreciation of her.

* * *

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Waiting Till the Clouds Roll By: Mr. Henry Ainley at Lord's

The cricket match, Actors *v.* Authors, ended miserably and damply in a draw, as bad weather prevented more than an hour's play, and the rival sides spent most of their time in the seclusion of the pavilion

The Making of a Prima Donna

The success of Mlle. Cavalieri at Covent Garden in *La Tosca* puts the last touch to her rapid and victorious career. It is said that the road to such success at the present day is beset with pitfall and with gin, and that there are all sorts of rings and vested interests that have to be won over before the singer has even half a chance. However that may be, Mlle. Cavalieri has got there with easy grace. One hears that in the early days she was fortunate enough to interest a Grand Duke in her vocal abilities, and that his patronage and powerful influence have enabled her talents to be cultivated until they found the fullest expression in the drama of *La Tosca*.

EGAN MEW.

* * *

The Popular "Barber"

Il Barbiere di Siviglia has been played six times at Covent Garden this year, being also chosen for the single matinée of the season, given last Wednesday, and there is certainly no opera in which Mme. Tetrazzini is heard to finer advantage. No abatement in the enthusiasm of a large audience greeted her exquisite rendering of *Variations*, by Proch, and *The Carnival of Venice*, in the lesson scene the other night, to hear which alone it would be worth going to Covent Garden, and even risking a hooligan attack, such as was the unfortunate lot of Sir W. S. Gilbert after this very performance. Signor Bonci sang spiritedly as the Count, but hardly as successful in his part was Signor Sammarco as the Barber. M. Gilibert, besides being the possessor of a fine voice, has the true comedy touch, which makes his Bartolo, Rosina's guardian, altogether delightful. H. P.

A Jap Louie Freear

MME. HANAKO, NOW APPEARING IN "OTAKE," A ONE-ACT PLAY AT THE HIPPODROME

Petite even for a Japanese is Mme. Hanako, the talented actress now at the Hippodrome, but all agree that she is an artist of great talent, and she closely resembles Miss Louie Freear in her ability to depict comedy and tragedy with equal facility. An English version of "Otake"—which is played throughout in Japanese by Japanese players—entitled "A Little Japanese Girl," with Miss Pauline Chase in the title-role, was produced in London at the beginning of the year

Random Jottings

The Kaiser has informed Sir Max Waechter, a British philanthropist, that "the idea of a United States of Europe interests him deeply." We can well believe this of such an enthusiast as the Kaiser. Even that smaller consideration—the united state of France and England—attracts a great deal of his attention.

* * *

According to the *Field*, the tortoise is at present the most popular pet in the United Kingdom. We ourselves should have named a more agile creature—say, the winner of the Marathon race.

* * *

The Real Explanation

(Just at first some of the Americans attributed the success of the police teams in the Tug-of-War to the fact that they wore boots.)

Those boots didn't alter the question,
The conclusion was really foregone,
For when constables make the suggestion,
The strongest of men must "Move on!"

* * *

It is to be feared that the Dance Congress which met at Berlin to consider how the Dreamy Waltz is to be saved from falling into disuse will find its work cut out for it. Our only suggestions are (1) hobble the dancers; (2) put opium into the bandsmen's instruments. Even then there is sure to be some hopping. It is a strenuous age.

* * *

A fashion correspondent in one of the daily papers asks:—"For a man, what more handsome birthday gift can there be at present than a big box for cigarettes, made of glass?" As men and smokers, we reply without hesitation, "A big box of cigarettes, made of tobacco."

* * *

This is awkward news about taxi-cabmen choosing their fares. Drivers, no doubt, have their prejudices like other people, and may prefer a smart fare to a shabby one. But the lady in a hurry who hails a taxi and says "Bayswater" can hardly fail to be hurt if the driver replies, "Excuse me, madam, but I don't care for your hat," or, "So sorry, but a wee bit too Directoire," and she has to wait till a gentler critic drives up. Altogether it would add too much to life's worries, and the police should stop it.

* * *

Hundreds of the New York police, who are mostly Irishmen, are said to be home-sick for Ireland, and trying to get leave of absence on one pretext or another. It is certainly a country in which both policemen and Irishmen can be happy to their heart's content. But the authorities would prefer that they arrive in their official rather than in their national capacity.

* * *

What is to become of the Crystal Palace? Various suggestions have been made. We cannot help thinking that shies—at a penny a shy—would bring in a lot of money.

* * *

The Compleat Eater

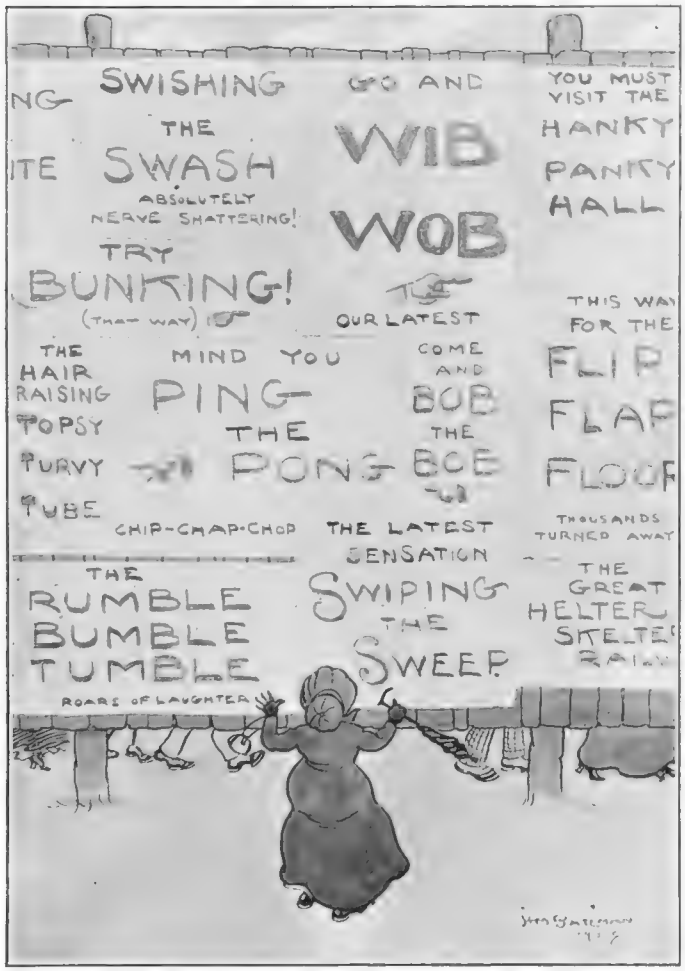
(Sir James Crichton-Browne lectured recently on the perils of Under-Eating.)

Let us not rashly take to carrot-chewing,
Or place in Dr. Chittendon belief;
Look at the men who did our Waterlooing—
What did they feed on? Beef—a lot of beef.

Consider, if you like, the ancient Spartans,
A boiled banana would have made them scream;
The Japs eat less perhaps, and they seem smart 'uns,
Fed up on steak they'd be what they but seem.

Run through the list of those whose names still hurtle
Through History's pages—soldier, priest, lord mayor—
Did they scorn venison? Did they jib at turt'e?
Not they! They ate, and never turned a hair

So let us eat, and while ascetics frighten
Women with bogies of a waist increased,
We, following our admirable Crichton,
Will say "Enough!"—when we have had a feast.



AT ANY OF THE MANY EXHIBITIONS NOW OPEN

Bewildering effect of various advertised attractions on an old lady who is chiefly concerned with the cup-of-tea question

By H. M. Bateman

The Coming Silly Season

THE CHARMER (*dismally, in "A Minor," to the sea-serpent*): "SOON WE'LL BE IN LONDON TOWN; SING, MY LADS—YO—HOH!"

(*Though, personally, we think the artist would have been a bit more topical had he made the monster aerial, rather than marine*)

BY G. E. STUDDY

The Magnetic Pole: Peary Off Again

MRS. PEARY

MISS PEARY COMMANDER PEARY

Photos *Underwood and Underwood*

Photo Hamilton
Commander Peary Ready for Anything Below Zero

MRS. ROOSEVELT and her Son, QUENTIN

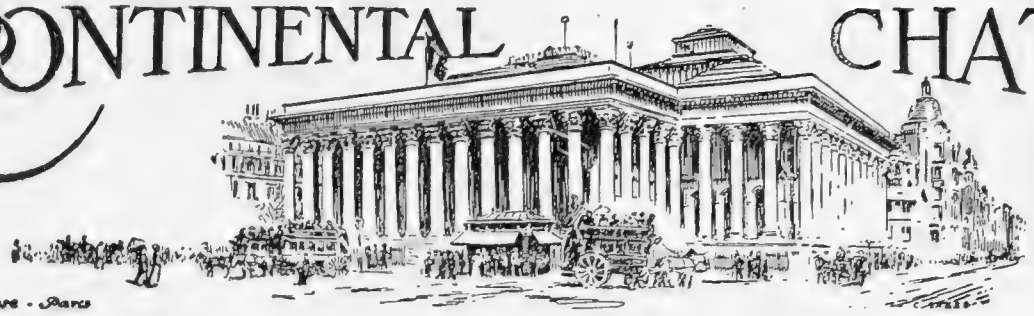
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

"The Roosevelt," the Tried Vessel in which the Expedition has Started

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT VISITS THE EXPEDITION'S SHIP IN OYSTER BAY

Commander Peary is now making another dash for the North Pole. The expedition, which started on July 6 from New York, touched at Oyster Bay, where the ship, "The Roosevelt," was visited by the President and a party including his wife and son Quentin, and Mrs. Peary and her daughter, who wished the intrepid explorer God-speed on this his ninth Arctic Expedition. It was in "The Roosevelt" that Peary made his record-breaking journey of two years ago, when he reached "Farthest North," 200 miles distant from the Pole. This time he believes he will get there

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Crescent on the Wane

For a long time we have watched the fight of the Russian people against an unholy *régime* of tyranny, repression, and retrogression. Side by side with the popular movement in Russia has been the perhaps slower but none the less sure progress of the cause of freedom and enlightenment in Turkey, led by the Young Turkish Party. And now the prophecy made in THE BYSTANDER of two years ago, that "Tyranny has sown the wind and will reap the storm," and that "either evolution or revolution" was at hand, look more near than ever to fulfilment. The alarming revolt of Turkish troops in Macedonia, the political assassinations at Monastir and elsewhere; above all, the recrudescence of activity displayed by the "Young Turks," all point to the fact that the Crescent Moon is decidedly on the wane and the Star in the descendant.

* * *

The Failure of the "Concert"

The Young Turkish Party, fired with the passion for liberty, has engineered the present crisis with a thoroughness hardly before shown by it. It is in earnest. The Second, and the Third Army Corps stationed in the Monastir district, are ready for revolt, and at Monastir, the centre of the movement, the Revolutionary Committee has assumed the functions of Government, and is actually collecting taxes. The Young Turkish Party has the peasants, whom it has educated, on its side. It has christened itself "The Ottoman League for Union and Progress," and so perfect is the harmony reigning in its ranks, the activities of which ramify throughout the whole of the Turkish Empire, that if it can strike now with power it will succeed, or go a long way towards succeeding, in doing what the miserable Concert of Europe, by reason of mutual jealousy, mistrust, and selfishness, has failed utterly in doing. The ferment cannot go on indefinitely. Progressive Turkey has looked in vain for help from Europe. It now means to help itself.

Photo *Berger*

An Imperial Turkish Patriot

Prince Sabaheddine, nephew of the Sultan, who, a fugitive from his country, is the shadowy figure behind the Turkish drama of liberty. He lives in Paris, where he controls the progressive forces of the "Young Turkish Party" which are gradually overthrowing the despotic *régime* in Turkey. It is he and his agents who have engineered the present crisis

A Princely "Young Turk"

Turkey, as we said two years ago, will have its glory-roll of men who have fought for the national cause. Foremost among these will figure the nephew of Abdul Hamid, Prince Sabaheddine. He is the initiator and leader of the great movement now spread all over the Turkish Empire. In his person he embodies and typifies all that the "Young Turks" desire. A fugitive in Paris, whence he fled nine years ago to escape his tyrannical uncle's wrath, he is the first member of the Imperial family to leave his country and work for its enlightenment.

* * *

President of the Turkish Republic!

He is the shadowy figure moving behind the scenes of the Ottoman drama of liberty, and in Paris for years he has controlled the progressive forces which have now broken out in so formidable a guise in his country, and which are destined, soon or late, to bring the Sultan's edifice of despotism and tyranny to ruins. He is the chief engineer of the present crisis. In Paris he is the centre of a circle of enthusiastic, energetic, and highly intellectual young Turkish men representing the Young Turkish Party, several of whom, like himself, have suffered for their patriotism. The Prince has a close intimacy with international politics, is deeply versed in social problems, and has vast erudition generally. He would make an ideal President of the Turkish Republic!

* * *

Europe's Tottering Monarch

It takes nations some time to settle down after a period of Revolution. It took the French nearly a century, and Servia, to some extent, is the France of the Balkan Peninsula. There, dynastic rivalry and anti-dynastic aspirations have long prevented any quieting down of political passions—passions as violent if not more so than those which tortured the French people till they got rid of dynasties altogether. The only thing that can save Servia is to have a Republic, which would probably happen but for her neighbours.

A Soldierly Princess

The Next King of Servia?

King Peter is expected before long to place himself in safety on the other side of the Danube, and then the question will be the same as it was nearly half a century ago in Roumania, "whom to place on the Servian Throne?" Austria will, no doubt, favour the appointment of a German Prince; Russia, although she would prefer a Slavonic King, even, perhaps, the Prince of Montenegro, is likely to fall into line with Austria and Germany on this subject. In any case, they will discard all the native aspirants. This applies with particular force to Alexis Karageorgevitch, the eldest son of the elder branch, who has lived for many years as an exile in Paris. He is *cribblé de dettes*—this would not so much matter; many a dynastic exile has been so—but in the various occupations in which he has tried to earn a livelihood, principally commerical travelling, he has been a conspicuous failure. This is not encouraging for the complicated *metièr* of kingship.

* * *

A Puppet King

King Peter has had a particularly difficult task through having been placed on the throne by the regicides whom he could not, or would not, punish. This has prevented his being received into the family of monarchs and obtaining the necessary prestige either abroad or at home. At home, in spite of every effort to make himself popular, he has not the force of character to be more than the puppet of those who have placed him on the throne. His Ministers order him about, forbid him to do this and that, and treat him, in fact, as a mere party nominee.

* * *

Statuary and Statecraft

By way of further explanation of the page of photographs which appeared in last week's issue, entitled "Statuary as an Aid to Statecraft," it may be remarked that one of the ways by which art is encouraged in France is by purchasing masterpieces for the decoration of the Ministries. Every Minister of State has an official residence, and all of them are embellished by specimens of French artistic genius — furniture, monumental clocks, wood-carving, and especially pictures and sculpture. The latter art derives its prestige in France chiefly from Government patronage. Larger works are purchased for the decoration of the public gardens, and smaller for that of the public offices, Ministries, and Prefectures. Nobody in France grudges this expenditure; far from doing so, the French would cut down most items before they would touch one which enriches the nation's permanent stock of inspiring works of genius.

Photo *Bolas*

In Uniform: Princess Adolf of Schaumberg-Lippe, sister of the Kaiser, as a Colonel

In so military a country as Germany, the Royal ladies are honorary army officers. The Empress herself is Chief of the 86th Regiment of Fusiliers. Princess Adolf of Schaumberg-Lippe, sister of the Kaiser, is Colonel of the 53rd Westphalian Infantry Regiment. She looks very smart and soldierly in her uniform, and younger than her age, which is forty-two

Turkey in Revolution (?)

MONASTIR, THE "CAPITAL" OF THE YOUNG TURKS

A Scene in the Cattle Market

Monastir is the headquarters of the "Young Turkey Party of Union and Progress," which is pledged to obtain the abdication of the Sultan "in one way or another," to abolish the present outrageous *régime* and to establish constitutional government in the Ottoman Empire. Officers of the third Army Corps stationed in the Selavet — some of whom shot Osman Selavet in the barracks, threaten to kill all the generals in Macedonia, and to march with an army from Monastir to Constantinople (400 miles), and demand the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1875. The Revolutionary Committee of the Young Turks in Monastir have even assumed the functions of Government. It is a town of 45,000 people, mostly Greeks and Bulgarians, the Turks being chiefly officials and soldiers, with well-paved streets, clean houses, many mosques and minarets, and fine bazaars

One of Monastir's Tidy Streets

Photos] A Picturesque Monastir Suburb: Turkish Houses on the Outskirts of the Town [*E.N.A.*

WHERE SOCIETY GOES AS IT PLEASE

Photos

A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE LAST OUTING

Before the tide of the season ebbs on the shores of Cowes, it is at its last (and somewhat spent) flood at Goodwood. The day is past when Goodwood was a "full-dress" meeting. The King sets the fashion in bowler and lounge suit, and everybody follows, either thus attired, or in a sort of picnic mixture of straw hat, white waistcoat, and holiday necktie;

IN THE PADDOCK AT GOODWOOD

Sport and General

THE SEASON BEFORE COWES REGATTA

GRAND STAND, COURSE, AND PADDOCK

and, in the case of the ladies, white boots have invaded even the enclosure. After Goodwood and Cowes, London empties for the moors, the grouse, and the "cures."

In a Classic-Famed Oasis

A READER, MOHAMMED BEY MAMDOOSH, AT THE WELL OF UM-IL-GHELAN IN KHARGA OASIS, EGYPT

The oasis of Kharga is situated on the road south-west from Cairo to the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, a journey occupying about eighteen days, via the old Pilgrim route. The spot is mentioned by Herodotus in connection with an expedition of 50,000 men sent by Cambyses to subjugate the people of Siwa—the Arabic name for the oasis of Jupiter Ammon—who, while resting near Kharga, were overwhelmed by a sandstorm. Mohammed Bey Mamdoosh is the "Mamur" of the oasis, a title corresponding to the French "prefet d'arrondissement," and the well by which he is standing, the name of which means "the mother of Ghouls," dates from Roman times

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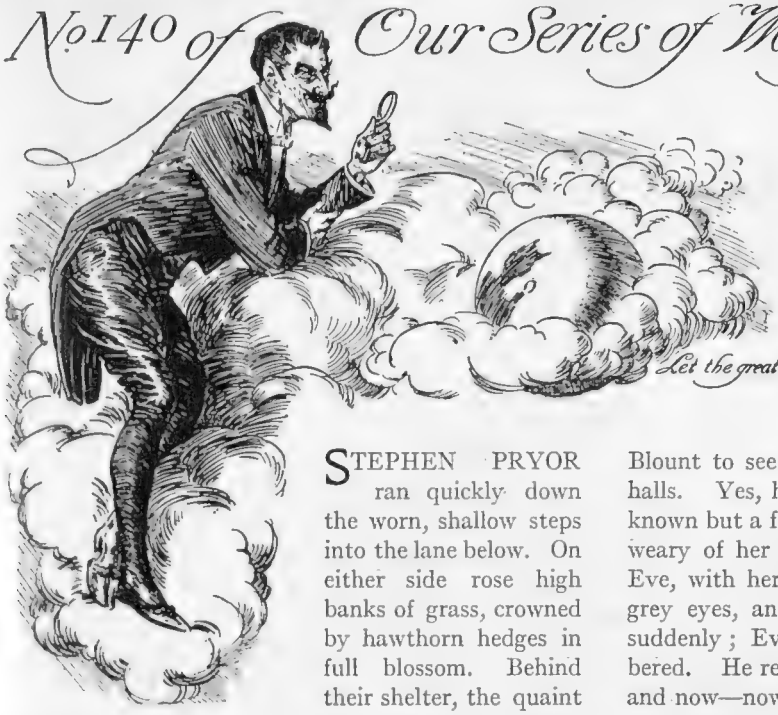

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By MABEL KITCAT

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

STEPHEN PRYOR ran quickly down the worn, shallow steps into the lane below. On either side rose high banks of grass, crowned by hawthorn hedges in full blossom. Behind their shelter, the quaint old houses stood back, decorously nestled each into its tiny garden-plot—old-world houses, cheap enough in this northern watering-place because set so far from the sea. And yet, as Pryor knew, the modest rent demanded from him was hopelessly beyond his power to provide. Rent! It would not be rent alone, but living expenses; for the girl whose future depended upon him; for his old nurse, who had left her home and come to his aid; for the doctor who would be needed presently; for—— Stephen's thoughts, like a frightened horse, shied from consideration of the immediate future, and he walked more rapidly, cutting with his stick at the tall grasses beside the road. Above his head a skylark was singing; he saw it, a tiny speck poised against a background of summer cloud. What a day it was! The world washed clean in blues, and greens, and yellows; the clear air—hawthorn-scented—a faint opaline in colour. Away beyond the harbour, where the great cliffs cut the sky, a soft haze of smoke melted upon their bold, serrated edges. Stephen remembered that smoke-haze over the cliffs, sometimes grey, sometimes shot with sunbeams, and, again, at night, a tender rose-colour. He used to watch it as a child; evasive, elusive; now hiding, now revealing the picturesque houses of the old fishing town, like a filmy veil thrown over a naked body. The lark was dropping earthward now. Stephen watched his swift fall, and, as the song ceased, his mind repeated the words mechanically, "Like a veil thrown over a naked body." In a flash, the dream of boyish days was broken; again he struggled vainly with a thousand whirling thoughts—hostile, menacing, pressing for instant attention. They became alive, things of terror. They tore his brain, they raced through his consciousness with horrible iteration. The rent, the ever-increasing, unpaid bills, the coming illness, and—the doctor. Always, at the thought of the doctor, ensued a panic, a pause, a blank sense of waiting; and always behind these tormenting, insistent thoughts whispered the words, "A veil, a veil over a naked body." Ah! he knew now why they possessed him thus completely. One night, a year ago now, he had taken Evelyn Blount to see a famous dancer of the London music-halls. Yes, he recollected. Eve, whom he had then known but a few weeks; Eve, worn out with her work, weary of her drab life in a London boarding-house; Eve, with her light laugh, her pretty hair, her blue-grey eyes, and that delectable trick of lifting them suddenly; Eve, dainty, adorable Eve. He remembered. He remembered every detail of that evening; and now—now he had left her in the house above the lane; had held her in his arms; had implored her not to cry so bitterly; had promised to marry her. Lord! what a fool, what a fool he had been. Marry? Who was he to make such a promise; he, hardly knowing where to find money for the next few weeks? Yet something would turn up. It *must*. He hurried on, still flicking at the grass as he went, his mind working with incoherent rapidity. Poor child, poor little Eve! He had meant well, too; just to be a friend to her, to bring a little sunshine into her days. And so meaning, he had drifted carelessly, she with him, on the frothing, noisy top current of London life, that current which hides the depths below.

Hustle, work, laughter, careless enjoyment of leisure hours, the sense of separation felt by workers in a great City—a sense of false security, of isolation from the lives of others—all these, together with youth and a craving for excitement, conspired to throw Pryor and this girl, who was his friend, more and more together. Till now, for her, the day of reckoning had arrived. For Pryor, too, since he could not leave her to pay alone. He was fond of her; he was horribly sorry for her; he must help her.

But how? This morning she had broken down utterly, with a despair so terrifying he felt he must console her at any cost. So he had promised marriage. Marriage! And he was out of employment; all he had to depend on was a small private income, a paltry hundred a year. He couldn't live on it himself, yet in a weak moment he proposed to support a wife and child upon it. Of course, the idea was outrageous, impossible. Yet what to do, what to do?

He turned out of Flower Lane into Skenegate, the question still humming in his brain. As he passed Nicol's, the bootmaker's, a swift remembrance detached itself from the swarming misery of his brain; the remembrance of an experience his friend, Mrs. Archdale, had once related to him. Her mother had been ill, dying they feared. Mrs. Archdale, then a girl of seventeen living in a London suburb, was told to prepare for the worst. "And would you believe it," she said to him, "my first thought was that mother wore Moykopf's boots. If she died I should step, literally

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

step, into them. For mother and I have small feet; the other girls are, as you know, much taller. I thanked God for my small feet, while, in the same breath, I prayed Him to make my mother well again."

"I always regret those boots!" she had added, laughing.

Pryor halted, staring into the little window. Nicol's boots were not like Moykopf's. Oh! no, not in the least like Moykopf's; neither could he, Pryor, in case of Eve's death, adopt her footgear. No use for him in those pretty little high-heeled shoes he had so often admired. But—but he had a use for liberty, and that, if she died, would be his own once more. If Eve died? Well, she wouldn't die. Of course not; there wasn't the slightest danger of it; the doctor said so; old Phoebe said so. What a fool he was to be afraid. He raised his head with a jerk, still staring at the solid country boots, neatly set in rows before him. Afraid? Was he *afraid*? He pondered the word, hating to face his naked translation of it. And, suddenly, a gay voice hailed him from across the street. He looked up; the voice belonged to Mrs. Archdale.

A week later Pryor came down to breakfast in holiday mood. Mrs. Archdale waited for him at the little table in the window, whence one looks out upon the old church, the great jagged cliffs, and the fishing town, this morning but lightly veiled behind its smoke-curtain; for the day was glorious, still, blue, and hot as midsummer. London seemed far away; debts and difficulties withdrawn into the background. And Flower Lane was far away, too; at the other side of the town, only visitable after nightfall or during service hours on a Sunday morning. For Mrs. Archdale attended church regularly, and Pryor did not. Last Sunday, for example; ah! well, on the whole he preferred not to think about last Sunday.

Mrs. Archdale, charmingly dressed in cool linen, a Parisian hat, the essence of simplicity, set upon her brown hair, received him with a smile.

"My dear boy," she said, "how late you are! I've been down at least ten minutes." She looked him over in proprietary fashion. "However, if you're long in dressing the result is good. I like that coat, but the tie"—she pursed her lips, eyeing it dubiously.

Pryor lifted his hand with a nervous gesture. "You're right," he said, "and the tie is wrong. I hadn't noticed. I'll change it."

His companion laughed. "Oh! it's not such a serious matter as that!"

"I'd rather change it," said Pryor, and, turning abruptly, he left the room. The tie strangled him; he had put it on in a fit of absent-mindedness, and now, when he reached his bedroom, he dragged at it hastily. It was a soft lilac and grey tie, knitted for him, a year ago, by Evelyn. He knew how absurd Linda Archdale must think him, but he couldn't wear it; he couldn't. He thrust it away at the back of the drawer, and put on another; yet, as he did so, Flower Lane seemed very near once more, and the London debts and difficulties appreciably darker. Pryor stood before the glass, resolutely set a smile upon his lips, and went down again. Mrs. Archdale was sipping her tea and glancing at the paper.

"You *are* pernickety," she said, as he took the seat opposite to her. "All that trouble about a tie! But do you know, Stephen, it was rather dear of you."

He smiled at her across the table.

"I'm glad," he said. "Even in such a tiny matter I want to please you."

Linda Archdale nodded gaily to a man passing the open window. "Here's another tiny matter," she said, handing the paper to Pryor. "The announcement of our engagement. I thought I could have trusted Emily, but, you see——" She shrugged eloquently.

"The fact is, she don't trust *me!*"

He looked blindly at the paragraph.

"You mean?"

"Ever since poor mother died, Emily has constituted herself my mentor."

"Then she won't approve of me?"

"Why not? You're—respectable. At any rate, *we're* respectable. Engaged to be married! The engagement duly announced in the *Morning Post*"—she flicked at the paper with a jewelled finger—"quite in the correct style. Emily has seen to that; here's her letter of congratulation. Really, I might have had the sense not to tell her; now you'll have to go to another hotel, I suppose? Bother! Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

"No, it doesn't matter," he answered. Not likely the *Morning Post* would find its way to Flower Lane. How should it? Even so, one could explain; one could prevaricate. Later, of course, Eve must know of this engagement; must believe that his marriage was solely for her sake, since he needed credit at the moment, and money in the future to provide for her, and for—— He resolutely stifled thought.

"Emily won't mind your being a poor man," Mrs. Archdale was saying tranquilly. "What she minded was my gadding about. Teas at Rumpelmayer's, suppers at the Savoy, theatre parties, Bridge parties, dances. She disapproves of a 'Club life.' Emily's mind is suburban; she doesn't understand."

Pryor helped himself to marmalade. The sea sparkled, dancing in the sunshine; round the corner of the cliffs the gulls dipped and skimmed. He saw it all, yet saw it not, for his real sight was turned inwards, where, in a mind-vision, it produced and reproduced scenes from his life with Eve. A gay supper, a drive to Richmond, a lazy day on the river, they two alone in a canoe, and, always, that little house in Flower Lane where she was waiting—waiting. Yet he chatted brightly enough.

"Linda," he heard himself saying, "I can't even guess why you accepted me. I haven't a rap to bless myself with beyond the beggarly hundred a year I told you of the other day. I'm poor, and not particularly young; I haven't made a success in life, while you——"

Mrs. Archdale leaned her elbows upon the table.

"While I," she added, "am Newton Archdale's widow, with at least £5,000 a year for the spending. Yes, but, Stephen, you and I were friends long ago, and it hasn't been my fault if we drifted apart; I always believed in you, I believe in you still. Some day you will be a celebrated man, and I shall be—your wife."

He, too, set his elbows upon the table. Their eyes encountered.

"Then?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Always, Linda?"

(*Continued on page 240*)

Beauty in Distress

Photo *Bassano*

MISS GABRIELLE RAY

(WHO IS STILL PLAYING IN "THE MERRY WIDOW" AT DALY'S) IN A DESPONDENT ATTITUDE

(Continued from page 238)

"Always."

"Darling," he said, under his breath.

"Since the days when first we met. Heavens! what days they were, and how limited we must have been to find delight in such an existence. You seemed a Prince to me then! Winchester and Oxford; good heavens! how fine it sounded. Besides, I held exalted ideas of your genius; you were to write a play; to edit a leading paper"—she leaned back in her chair, smiling—"why, I used to confide in you, tell you all kinds of things. I even told you about mother's Moykopf boots. Do you remember?"

"I remember," he said, gravely.

"You must have thought me a hateful little creature; but I didn't wish poor mother to die. I only——"

"I know," he said, "you only wanted her shoes to stand vacant. It's not an uncommon desire, even when one is quite grown up."

Mrs. Archdale rose. "Well, Moykopf makes my boots now," she said, "so I got my wish without the sacrifice of my mother." She hesitated a moment. "It all seems far away now," she said, "and most people, even mother, are outside my world, except you. Except you, Stephen."

She went away to fetch her loose gloves and a sunshade, while Pryor sat staring at the sea and thinking. Always the same thought. What a fool, what a fool he had been! Here was a woman who loved him, who had always loved him; during some years she had been a widow, and he, instead of remaining steadfast to his youthful fancy for her, must needs forget old ties and tamper with another life when it crossed his own. Well, he certainly couldn't marry Eve on a hundred a year; besides, it wasn't Eve he really cared for the most, but Linda. He had guessed it from the moment he looked across the narrow street and recognised her. He had known it for certain when alone on the beach in the evening she had promised to be his wife. Of course, he would provide for Eve—that went without saying, but equally, of course, she must be told of his engagement. Not quite yet; not for a few days, perhaps, when she would be—his mind shaped one thought, his innermost self another—when she would be stronger.

"By the way," he asked, as, half an hour later, they strolled along Skenegate, "how comes Mrs. Archdale in this part of the world at all? It's anything but fashionable!"

They were passing a florist's shop; she slipped her hand through his arm and brought him to a standstill.

"I want some of those," she said, pointing to a great bunch of lilies in the window.

Pryor went in to buy them for her, and the question for the moment remained unanswered. But presently, just as they came to the narrow, green entrance of Flower Lane, he repeated it.

Mrs. Archdale looked up the lane, so green and quiet, and deserted. She turned towards it. Pryor stretched out a hasty hand to stop her.

"N-not that way," he said, with a quick half stammer, "It's so—so m-muddy."

"But I want to go," she persisted. "Such a pretty, cool walk! As for mud, my dear boy, there hasn't been a drop of rain for a fortnight." She went on, and he, perforce, followed. Presently she halted, the lilies in her hand.

"Do you really want to know why I am here?" she asked, her head charmingly tilted, her eyes glancing from beneath the brim of her hat. It was apparently a perfectly solitary place; the discreet houses, each in its garden plot, hid their quiet old faces. Not a footfall sounded on the road; above, the flowering hedges made a screen of bridal white. Linda stopped. She raised the lilies and looked at her lover across the fragrant nosegay.

"Do you really want to know?" she said.

A thousand sensations flicked through Stephen's tormented brain. The solitude, the summer air, the sense of well-being which this woman created for him, all cried that here was the hour for innocent enjoyment. Yet this was Flower Lane. Only a pace further up—he thrust the recollection violently away from him.

"I do," he said.

Linda's eyes dropped.

"I always meant to come here. Because you used to talk of it, to love it. And so, this year, I—came."

"Because of me?"

"Because of you," she whispered. And at the words he forgot everything but the woman before him. "Oh! oh!" she gasped, "look at my flowers!" The lilies were crushed between them.

Late that night there came a summons for Pryor. He obeyed instantly, thanking whatever Power guided his destiny that because of Emily's "suburban mind" he had left the Royal for the Crown and was free to come and go comparatively unobserved. The doctor met him at the door of the house in Flower Lane.

"I have done my best," he said, looking, in the dim light, pale and tired. "The child is dead."

Pryor gasped. Now that the waiting was over, now that, whether he would or no, actual happenings must be faced, he felt a strange and swift reaction. Eve, her welfare, her safety, leaped into the foreground of his consciousness; Linda, with all that she typified of ease, of pleasure, of love even, faded into the shadowy places. His child was dead, but the mother——

"And—s-she?" he stammered, his eyes searching the doctor's face.

"Is calling for you. I want you to go up. No, stop!" as Pryor pushed past him, "she is very ill; I haven't much hope. You must be careful. Nurse tells me this afternoon she saw something in the paper——"

Pryor groaned.

"I know," he said.

The doctor still held him by the arm.

"You must explain," he commanded, sternly; "if necessary, you must lie to her."

Pryor wrenched himself free. "I will, I will," he said, and ran up the wide, shallow stairway.

The doctor looked after him. "Somebody has to pay, I suppose," he said. "We-ll!" He turned into the little dining-room for a whisky and soda.

Upstairs the bed stood in shadow. Pryor's old nurse rose, as he entered the room, and leaned over it.

"Here's Master Stephen," she said gently. "I told you he'd come directly minute we wanted him." She turned to Stephen, finger on lip, warningly. "She wouldn't let me send for you before," she murmured.

Pryor stood, frozen to stone. Was this Eve? This worn, haggard, *old* woman, propped by pillows and breathing painfully? Eve! with drawn lips, eyes

(Continued on page 242)

In Pensive Pose

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

MISS JOY CHATWYND

Who is now playing with great success as Mrs. Withers in "Jack Straw" at the Vaudeville, a play with still a long run before it. Before joining Mr. Hawtrey, she played for two years at the Haymarket, and was previously well known as a reciter on concert platforms under her own name of Joy Freelove

(*Continued from page 240*)

turned stiffly in the sockets, dank hair, parted in the middle, clinging closely to the temples. This Eve? He moved forward, slowly, in response to Phoebe's urging.

"Stephen," said a low voice, hoarse and unnatural, a voice that came from far away, from a dim region of horror, of pain, of terror untranslatable into human speech. "Stephen, I'm dying. I wanted to say good-bye—before I die."

Pryor fell on his knees beside the bed.

"You're not dying," the words suffocated in his throat. "You're n-not——" His eyes were on a level with hers; her soul looked through them, and, despite his will, he felt his own soul naked to her gaze.

"I saw the paragraph," said the voice. He could not, though he was so close, though he held her hand, believe it to be the voice of Eve. He could not, though he looked upon her, believe this to be the girl he had once thought he loved. He did not love her now; oh! no, he was torn by pity, by regret, by horror, but there was not a spark of love for this Thing upon the bed, this broken woman, whose soul read his through her haunted eyes. He could not tear his own away from them.

"The paragraph; is it true?" she whispered. His lips shaped the lie which the doctor and humanity commanded.

"It was for you," he faltered. "I needed money, I had to——"

With a supreme effort she raised herself upon the pillows, wrenching her hand from his.

"Liar!" she said, and suddenly her voice rang shrill through the room. "Liar! I saw you in the lane together, I——"

But Phoebe was beside them. She thrust Stephen aside with a swift movement.

"Quick!" she said, pointing to the door. "The doctor!"

An hour later Dr. Barclay came heavily down the stairs. Pryor, standing immovable in the little sitting-room, had no need to put a question. The window was open; outside, the scented night breathed like a sentient spirit. There was no stir of wind, yet the warm air seemed full of whispers. Far away the sea moaned, rhythmically.

The two men faced one another. Between them, on the square table, lay a work-basket, a couple of books, and a copy of the *Morning Post*. The doctor laid his hand upon the paper.

"A well-meaning neighbour sent—this," he said quietly. "I gather something else also happened to-day?"

Pryor made no movement.

"Well," said the elderly man, "in any case I doubt if we could have saved her." He considered a moment, turning the paper in his fingers. "I ask no questions," he said presently, "somebody has to pay. That seems to be the law. But——" He looked up suddenly. Perhaps the tense misery in Pryor's face struck him; perhaps he spoke by intuition.

"But," he said gently, "I should like, if I may, to offer a word of advice. You allow me?"

Pryor bowed his head.

"The payment has been made—in full," said the elder man. "Take care lest, through some weak word, some craven wish for comfort and absolution, you exact more suffering from—another."

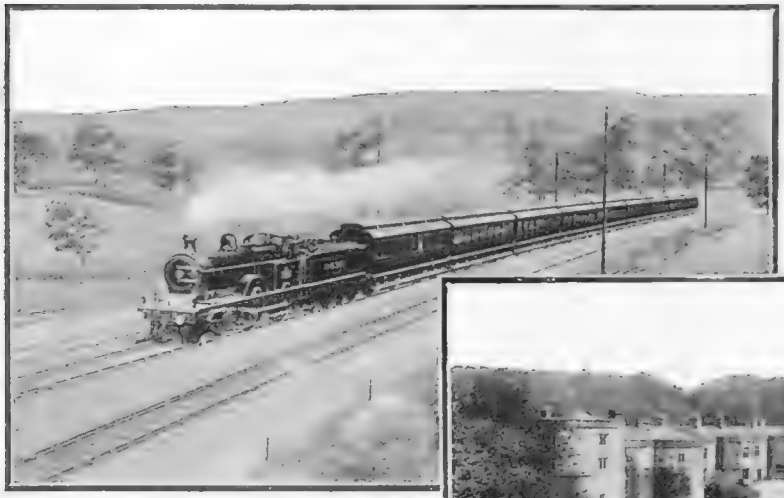
He held out his hand, and Stephen took it, mechanically.

The next moment he was out in the night, walking blindly towards the sea.

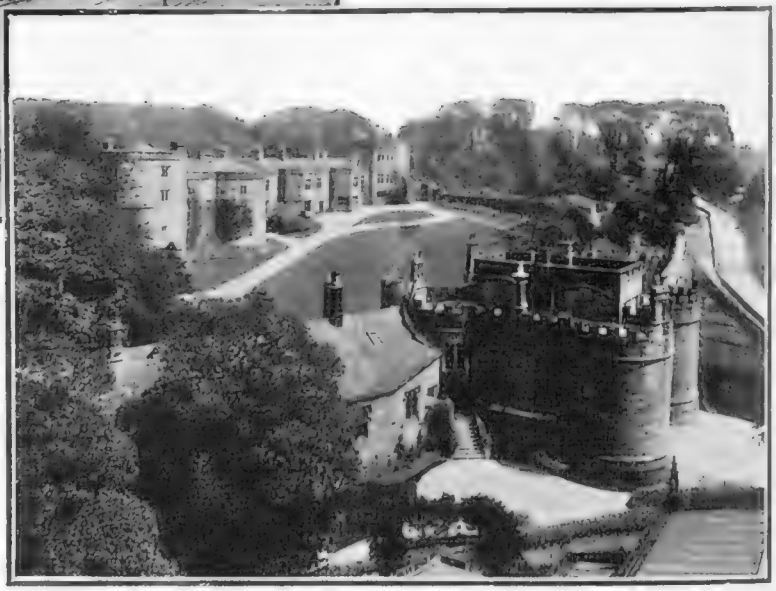
MABEL KITCAT.

THE ROAD TO THE NORTH

There are many routes northward by road and rail, but none is more picturesque or replete with interest than that traversed by the Midland Railway, through the best English scenery and the finest provincial centres, by rugged and breezy Yorkshire, the beautiful Valley of Eden, the Lake District, and, finally, across the border, through Burns' and Scott's countries to Glasgow and Edinburgh



A Typical Midland Express



Stately Skipton Castle

Skipton Castle dates from Edward II.'s reign, and though part is still in ruins, a portion has been restored, and is now the residence of Lord Hothfield. Over the entrance tower can just be seen, as an openwork battlement, the word "Desormais," the motto of the Clifford family, the original owners

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

A New Edition of Poe. (Jack: 1s. net.)

"Mr. Clutterbuck's Election." By Hilaire Belloc, M.P. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)

"Creation's Dawn." By "Kish." (John Long: 6s.)

The Diary-keeper in Fiction

I had thought the diary-keeping damsel had had her day. She is, however, still apparently alive in the curious world of sentimental fiction, and enables Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow (who used her to great advantage in his delightful *Susan*) to turn out yet another excellent and entertaining record in *Aunt Maud* (Grant Richards: 6s.). The story itself, as unfolded in the diary of Irene, is an exceedingly charming one. The heroine arrives on a visit to her aunt to find that she has "arranged a marriage" for her with a young Colonial Judge. Not for money, or anything of that sort, but solely because Aunt Maud thinks they will suit each other! The young man arrives, and turns out to be just the sort of man any proper-minded girl would fall in love with—brave, quiet, not bad-looking, with a good record and prospect of distinction. But to fall in love naturally with a man is one thing; to do so by somebody else's pre-arrangement is another. Hence, the course of the courtship is anything but smooth. Irene takes the bold course of proposing downright to him in the quarry; let them, she says, become engaged, and if, at the end of the month, either wishes to back out of it, well, they can do it! The month works out, and at the end of it, while each really loves the other, neither knows the other's feelings. And so a pretty problem ensues, which is, nevertheless, satisfactorily settled. Much sport is incidentally made of the other couple in the book, who have been invited maliciously to the house by Aunt Maud to aid her plans for Irene—Fanny and Norman. Fanny is a gushing, garrulous fusser; Norman a pampered simpleton, and splendid is Irene's disdain for both—especially for Norman, when, in a quarrel with Fanny, he actually has the audacity to attempt to make love to Irene herself, the while Fanny angles for the Colonial gentleman.

* * *

A New Edition of Poe

A new edition of Poe's tales—preface by Mr. Arthur Ransome—is welcome. That issued by Messrs. Jack: 1s. net.)—if its yellow-hued cover is a little lurid for so delicate an artist as Poe—goes comfortably into the pocket. The interest in the volume is made more pointed after a reading of the preface. I have always had a great fondness for Poe's explanation of how he wrote *The Raven*—regarding it as, perhaps, a greater inspiration than was *The Raven* itself—for nobody seriously supposes it was *really* written as a mere embellishment of the word "Nevermore." That explanation was a distinctive work of art of itself, invented, quite possibly, years before the poem itself ever left Parnassus. Apropos the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and the other trifles in which figures the wonderful detective Dupin, it has often been said that that personage was the literary father of Sherlock Holmes—the founder of the deductive theory of detectivism. Those who believe this had better glance at the stories again. They will, I feel sure, then realise how very much finer a creation was Sherlock. It is really rather an insult to Sir A. C. Doyle to charge him with any debt to so crude and hair-brained a reasoner as that Frenchman, whose deductions, successful as they were, were pure blatherskite, and the result not of logical reasoning at all, but of sheer conclusion-jumping.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

Whose new novel, *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*, a story dealing with certain political problems and portents, has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and is reviewed on this page

* * *

Mr. Belloc's Latest

When I opened *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*, by Hilaire Belloc, M.P., and discovered that the first episode was a transaction involving the sale of a million eggs, I feared that the delicate author was suffering from a grave attack of British humour. Mr. Clutterbuck, who is something in the City and the suburbs, is deluded into buying the eggs for the forces campaigning in South Africa. Having paid up for them, he reads a few days later of the conclusion of war. The eggs, therefore, remain useless on his hands. The progress from this situation to an election suggests the direction in which the eggs may be utilised. Fortunately, however, Mr. Belloc does not follow it out. The election in which Mr. Clutterbuck is the candidate is entirely egg-less. The eggs turn out to be merely the beginning of his career as a financial magnate. Reaching that proud position, after many years of careful dabbling in stocks, he takes to politics, and has lively experiences, which are most wittily related. Mr. Belloc prophesies a redistribution of parties in the near future, in which the present Free

Opening up the Alps: The New Electric Railway between Argentiere and Chatelard

By the opening of the twenty-two miles of electric railway between Argentière and Chatelard not only is an important link completed in the P.L.M. Companies' system, whereby the journey from Italy to Paris is considerably shortened, but a region comparatively little known to the Continental traveller is thrown open. Instead of only being able to view the gorgeous country between Chamonix and Martigny while undergoing the hardships and inconvenience of diligence travelling, one may now view some of the finest scenery in the Alps from the comfort of up-to-date electric cars, as the train makes its way along the mountain-side

Trade Unionists will form themselves into a National party. The climax of the story is reached when Mr. Clutterbuck seeks an honour at the hands of the Premier, and Mr. Belloc is able, in this connection, to ventilate his views as to how the disgraceful traffic is carried on. A delightful character in the book is his private secretary, Charlie Fitzgerald, who stage-manages his employer's career so brilliantly that his services would be in great demand if they were at disposal.

* * *

The Two Gods of Genesis

Creation's Dawn is the name of an interesting little book by "Kish" (John Long: 3*s.* 6*d.*). The author's theme is the well-known divergence between the two versions of the creation in Genesis, which are known to scholars respectively as the Elohim and the Jahveh versions. The belief of "Kish" is that the Mosaic story is true, and not a fable, but that the God of Genesis is two-fold. There is the God who created man in general (Elohim) and the Lord who created Adam (Jahveh). The former is father of "soulless man"; the latter of the soul-endowed—the higher type evolved from Adam. The controversy is of perennial interest, so there is no need of excuse for recommending this book. Such theological contributions to the conflict are not so frequent that one can overlook them when made. "Kish" incidentally expresses a genuine belief in the Flood, which is refreshing in these days of doubt.

* * *

A Book on the Balkans

A reminiscence of the recent "ragging" case is offered us by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, who is publishing a book by Mr. H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S., late of the Grenadier Guards, entitled *Washed by Four Seas.* It is a record of the author's travels in the Near East while on leave from his regiment. His attempt has been to set forth for the benefit of English readers the impressions derived from two extended tours away from the beaten track. Mr. Woods was enabled to obtain information on certain important military and other questions not before acquired by any English expert. His chapters on the defences of Constantinople, on the Bulgarian Army, on the railways of the Near East, and on the influence of Mohammedanism on character, will, no doubt, attract the attention of all at the present moment, when the Balkans are again so prominently in the public eye.

* * *

A Flourishing Publisher

At the beginning of 1906 the growth of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's business made it necessary for him to move his offices from Paternoster Square to a building in Adelphi Terrace, offering nearly twice as much accommodation. Later developments have, however, made further space necessary, and this has now been obtained by taking over an adjoining building, formerly used as an hotel. These extensions are due to the growth of the business generally, and to the increased room required for the Colonial and Continental Departments and the sale and storing of the small scale Ordnance and Geological Survey Maps, for which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is the sole wholesale agent. Mr. Unwin also now issues the publications of the Indian Government. His sole business address for correspondence, etc., remains as before, 1, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

V. C.

Two Literary Shrines

QUIET NOOKS WHERE BOOKS THAT HAVE MADE A NOISE WERE WRITTEN

Where Meredith Writes To-day: The Cottage at Boxhill [*Topical Agency*

Mr. George Meredith, who celebrated his eightieth birthday last February, has written many of his famous novels and poems in his little house among the woods of Surrey at Boxhill

[*Photo*] **Where Dickens Wrote in the Past: The Chalet at Cobham** [*Hamilton*

This is the Châlet in which Dickens did some of his finest work. The chair and table used by him here he left to Lord Cobham, and the Châlet is now in the grounds of Cobham Hall

A HOME OF MEREDITH AND A MEMORY OF DICKENS

A Woman's Note Book

Peaceful Holidays in Store?

People have all gone, except the people who are still going, or are about to go, to the White City; and if this stream of provincial visitors to London continues throughout August there is certainly a grand chance for some of us to get quiet holidays at country or seaside resorts unattended by the usual crowd of pleasure-seekers. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and when we find the country really rural, or can sit on the beach with comfort and at least elbow room, we shall not be ungrateful, however the change may affect the tempers and spirits of hotel-keepers and railway directors.

The Dreadful August Traveller!

Our excuse is not only the quantity but the quality of the invaders. The kind of person who travels in August is so dreadful—dreadful in voice, manners, accent, and appearance. Where do all the nice people put themselves? They cannot die, as one might at first suppose, because they turn up again afterwards. They don't even stay at home and shut themselves in during holiday-time, because many of them have schoolboys and schoolgirls, who must be taken for the inevitable "change" to sea or country. Yet one never meets them, never even hears of them; they are lost somewhere in our very midst. Perhaps this year while the well-known August person invades the White City and the tripper trips to London, in the more thinly populated holiday resorts our friends may there become discoverable.

The Mysterious Holiday-Maker

But the question, "Where is the ordinary August holiday-maker all the year round?" is yet further a mystery. He is to be seen no more till next year, nor his wife, nor his family. He is not quite like anybody else, and his wife is still less so. You could find them anywhere—only they are not findable. If they come from some isolated and fashion-forsaken part it would be understandable. We might say we did not "visit" within several miles of it. If they were all dwellers of that vast district the "East End," we might reasonably conclude they had returned thither. But such is not the case; they come from every part, from town and country, from London and the provinces, but we never see them walking in the streets of their native city or hamlet. Can it be that this particular type does not walk abroad except when it is on a holiday; or is it possible that it loses its distinctive character at other times and gets merged in the ordinary citizen? Let whoso will, or can, solve the riddle. LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

More Male Scoffers—in New York This Time: Miss Helen Hoy, an American Suffragette, Addressing an Unsympathetic Audience

A week or two ago we published a photograph of male scoffers at a Suffragist meeting in Hyde Park, but the promoters of a Votes for Women Campaign in New York have hardly been able to get even such a favourable hearing as their enterprising sisters in this country. They were continually moved on by the police, and the attitude of their audiences was far from pleasing, despite the legend displayed on one of their banners, "Come, let us reason together"

OUTDOOR LIFE

Photo *Sport and General*

En Route from Putney to Mortlake in the Wingfield Sculls: The Three Competitors in Full Swing

Blackstaffe (in centre) made his fifth win in this event, leading from the first stroke. In R. C. Bourne, of New College, Oxford, there is a very promising man, of whom more will be heard

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The Cry is Still They Don't Come

The view which I have already expressed that the Olympic Games would not "catch on" because they were being overdone, and because there is no room for them in a season already crammed to overflowing with games and sports of every sort and kind, has been borne out by the comparatively meagre crowds which came day by day to witness the contests in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush. The sport was good enough in most cases to please the most fastidious, but in spite of, or perhaps because of, the added attraction of the Exhibition itself, the public did not roll up in their thousands to anything like the anticipated extent. The aid of the papers had once more to be invoked to boom the show; various influential persons were moved—probably not spontaneously—to write letters to the dailies, upbraiding the British Public for its apathy; and the prices of whole blocks of seats surrounding the arena had to be reduced. It is said the nation's failure to enthuse over the games is a slight upon our foreign visitors, but it is nothing of the kind. It is simply due to the fact that we cannot bring ourselves to attach any importance to a series of contests which are migratory and intermittent, and occupy no permanent place in the annals of sport.

Photo *L.N.A.*

A Champion Archer

Gresot (France), the winner of the 50-metre Olympic Archery Competition

England to the Fore

As far as the racing itself was concerned, it is pleasant to record that England's representatives have acquitted themselves admirably. We can still pride ourselves upon the fact that at distance work, whether on foot or on wheels, we can show the way. In one or two instances our men would have done even better if they could have been induced to subordinate their own interests to those of their country. This led to

Photo] **Where the Noise Came From: The American Contingent Cheer their Country's Competitors in the Stadium** *[Illus. Bureau*

Whatever may have been the case with regard to lack of enthusiasm on the part of the spectators at the Olympic Games last week, one section of the audience at least fully contributed their quota of applause, and every American success was the signal for vociferous cheering on the part of compatriots, regarding which we have heard much in the past, but till now have not had much opportunity of hearing. We are quite satisfied now!

Sixty Years of Grace!

their being outwitted in one race, while one of the cycle races was declared void altogether because all the competitors exceeded the time limit. The only consolation about this was that the Frenchmen were as stupid as our men—but it was a poor one. Bartlett's win in the 100 kilometres cycle race in record time under bad conditions was, however, a very fine performance, as was Ben Jones's victory in the 5,000 metres, while, as the perfection of all that a distance runner should be, E. R. Voight (an Englishman despite his foreign-looking name), the winner of the five miles, deserves special mention.

The Scene Shifts

The Olympic Regatta at Henley will have commenced by the time this issue of THE BYSTANDER appears, and is to go on until Friday. The yacht races, which are also on this week, cannot, of course, be expected to appeal except to the yachting fraternity. This kind of sport is too abstruse for the man in the street. But in yachting circles, at any rate, the Olympic races are creating plenty of stir. I happened to be staying not so long ago in the same hotel as the Swedish and Norwegian competitors, and there was no doubt whatever as to their keenness. Moreover, they understand their job thoroughly, and one of the committee of management assured me that if they were beaten it would not be through bad seamanship. As regards English prospects, Mr. Blair Cochrane has just had a new boat specially built by Fife (and named *Cobweb*) for these races. Great things are expected of her, while in *Sorais* we have a boat already famed as a flyer. Curiously enough, some little difficulty has been experienced in getting together competent amateur crews to man the English boats. This is due to the almost universal employment of the paid hand for racing nowadays, even in the small classes, which is tending to exterminate the amateur sailorman.

"Anno Gratiae 60." The Veteran Cricketer, Dr. Grace, Receiving Congratulations

At Chesham, on Saturday week, Dr. W. G. Grace celebrated his diamond jubilee by making 60 not out in a local cricket match

LAWN TENNIS

Chartered Insubordination

Incidents of the kind which occurred recently at the Welsh Championship meeting are, fortunately, rare, and generally pass unnoticed, but some prominence was given to this particular one by reason of the fact that an aggrieved competitor wrote to the *Sportsman* about it. The facts appear to have been that the semi-finals of the Welsh Championship Singles were due to be played on the last day but one of the tournament, and that A. F. Wilding, the principal competitor therein, was absent (without leave) for the whole day. Of course, he ought to have been scratched, but the committee, mindful of their "gate" on the last day, and of the fact that he was the star performer, postponed his semi-final until the next morning. There was not much likelihood that his opponent, W. C. Grant, the American, would beat him, but if he had done, it would have meant that he (Grant) would have far too much to do on the last afternoon, for he had other events to play in besides the Singles,

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Not That Marathon Race!: One of the events at the Grenadier Guards' Sports at Burton Court, Chelsea

The Picturesque Ceremony of Swan-Upping

Ready for the Swan-Upping

The picturesque ceremony of swan-upping is still carried out on the Thames each year, when the annual journey is made from Southwark to Henley by "uppers" appointed by the Crown, the Dyers' and the Vintners' Companies, to whom the birds on the river belong. Young birds, who have not already bear their owners' mark, are secured, and notches made upon their beaks, to indicate their proprietors. Though the "uppers" are dressed in gaily coloured jerseys, and the chief "uppers" wear swan's feathers in their caps, the ceremony has lost much of its picturesqueness, as it used to be the occasion for riverside festivities and fêtes

the final of which was a five-set match. Accordingly, Grant scratched to Wilding, and at the same time wrote—quite justifiably—to the *Sportsman* to complain of the treatment which he had received, and of the wrongful way in which Wilding's absence had been condoned.

Gate-Money v. Fairplay

It is one of the drawbacks of tournament tennis that the executive are so entirely dependent upon first-class players for their "gate" portion of the revenue. They do all that they can to induce first-class players to enter, and, having got them, they naturally desire to keep them. If first-class players cannot be trusted to behave with the consideration which is ordinarily shown by people of eminence, there must be no pandering to them. Otherwise there will be precious little sport in lawn tennis. One can understand a small and struggling country tournament being run entirely to suit the convenience of some great man who has deigned to grace it with his presence; but when the committee of one of the National Championships allows itself to be ridden over roughshod, the thing becomes a trifle scandalous. There is quite enough commercialism in lawn tennis already, and if it increases much the ordinary player, without whom no tournament can live, will rise in his wrath and rebel. Grant's letter sounds a note of warning which other committees will do well not to disregard, and he is to be commended for going a bit further than the easy-going Englishman who would probably, in the same circumstances, have grumbled a good deal—and then let the matter slide.

Photos *Park*

Marking the Swan on the Beak

Royal swans are marked with two diamonds, while those belonging to the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies are marked on the bill with one and two notches respectively

GOLF.

By E. LEHMANN

The Revised Rules

The draft of the new code of rules, so anxiously awaited by all of us, is now in our hands, and is being subjected, I have no doubt, to the keenest scrutiny by all who are interested in the laws which govern the game. The new code has found distinct favour with the critics, favour which, in my opinion, is most thoroughly merited. The compilers of the new code in general, and Mr. Low and Captain Burn in particular, deserve the warmest thanks of all golfers for the admirable way in which they have done their work. The new code, though no shorter than the old one,

Fine Shooting at Bisley

marks an immense advance in the matter of arrangement. The order of the rules follows, so to speak, the progress of the game from tee to hole. To add to the clearness and convenience of the code each rule has a marginal title, so that anyone wishing to settle a doubtful or disputed point can find the rule bearing on it with the least possible trouble.

A special meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club has been called for August 31 next to consider the draft of the new rules. Meantime, it is open to critics, whether in or out of the club, to give their views on the rules, and to suggest amendments or alterations in them.

A Few Suggested Amendments

That being so, I beg to make the following suggestions, either involving mere verbal alterations or fundamental ones. Let me deal first with a few verbal alterations.

On p. 3, Definition 21, a slight alteration in the order of some sentences seems required. As printed, the definition runs: "The reckoning of strokes is kept by the terms 'the odd' and 'two more,' 'three more,' etc., and 'one off three,' 'one off two,' 'the like.' The reckoning of holes is kept by the terms—so many 'holes up' or 'all even and so many to play.'" As we have "odd," "two more," "three more" at the beginning, we ought to follow on with "the like," "one off two," "one off three," so as to preserve the proper sequence. I also would put in a strong plea for the substitution of the expression "all square" for "all even." "Square" is a distinctive golfing expression, and deserves to be stereotyped in the rules. It can be found in the glossary of technical terms appended to the 1882 Code. Where one player speaks of being "all even" hundreds invariably say "all square." I trust, therefore, that "all square" will take the place of the present "all even," as being more proper and peculiar to golfers.

In Rule 10 I would suggest the substitution of the word "but" for "except that" as being shorter and more grammatical.

Might not some definition of "a club length" be included among the definitions? At present the expression is somewhat vague. A simple definition would be "the player's ordinary driver or play-club."

An Unwelcome Reappearance

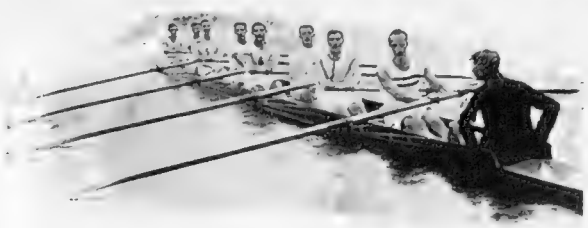
I regret to see that the bad old Rule 24 reappears as Rule 33 in the new code. This is the rule which says that "When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a stroke for the half, nothing that the player can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained." I trust that this vicious and mischievous rule will yet be expunged.

Next I come to the casual water rule. The revisers have now assimilated procedure through the green and on the putting green. In the former case the ball may be dropped within two club lengths either behind the water or at the side nearest to the ball, in the latter it must be placed within one club length either behind or at the side. Now here we come to a difficulty. Under the proposed new rule the ball in the water on the putting green may have an advantage over one not in it, the former conceivably getting a clear run to the hole, while the other has to be lofted over the water. I earnestly trust that the rule proposed some years back by the Rules Committee will be substituted for this. By that rule provision was made for a clear putt to the hole, whether the ball lay in casual water or casual water intervened between ball and hole. The present proposal will not do.

All-Comers Shooting for the Alexandra Competition at Bisley
This competition, open to all-comers, had 1,160 entrants, and some brilliant shooting under ideal conditions was witnessed. The chief prize-winners were Corpl. Shannon, Col.-Sergt. Cameron, and Pte. McCall, each of whom scored 69 points

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Foreign Element at Henley



Photos

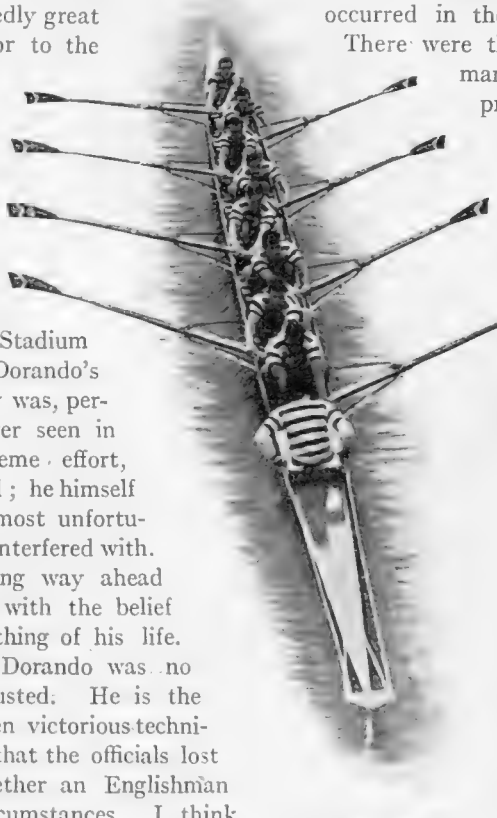
The Hungarian Eight

Sport and General

The Norwegian Eight

The Marathon Laurel

And so the Marathon Race has placed the laurel on an American brow, and Dorando, with the sympathy of the Queen and the British public, has to console himself as well as he can with his "moral"—but not technical—victory. The thousands who lined the route of this undoubtedly great race at all points from Windsor to the Stadium were all on the look-out for what they never found, a representative of the United Kingdom in a prominent part in the race. Hefferon's fine effort was small consolation for this, and disappointment was great, and, we ought to say, justifiable, that the first Englishman to reach the Stadium was thirteenth in the race. Dorando's collapse when in sight of victory was, perhaps, the most pathetic thing ever seen in sport. Could he, by a supreme effort, have won? Many think he could; he himself thinks he could: and it was most unfortunate that he should have been interfered with. Remember that he was a long way ahead when he reached the Stadium, with the belief that he was doing the greatest thing of his life. It was a great moment, and Dorando was no doubt excited as well as exhausted. He is the moral victor, and might have been victorious technically as well but for the fact that the officials lost their heads. One might ask whether an Englishman would have protested in the circumstances. I think not. Still, Hayes was fit at the race's end, and in taking advantage of a technicality was within his rights—and that is all.



The Canadian Eight

American Crookedness

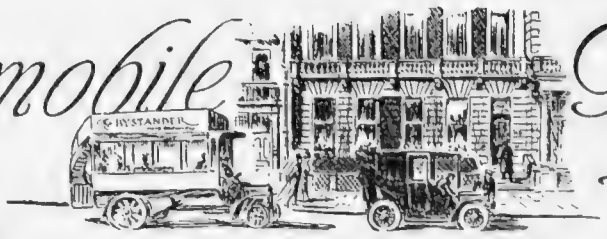
I was quite prepared for the disgraceful fiasco which occurred in the 400 metres race on Thursday. There were three Americans to one Englishman, and they knew that they would probably be unable to beat him individually, so they decided to do it in concert by resorting to the well-known (but fortunately seldom practised) device of "pocketing." The incident only emphasises what I have often said in these columns — that Americans are seldom good sportsman, except when they can afford to be. To vary a familiar *dictum* slightly, their motto is, "Win, honestly, if you can—but, if you can't, win." The National *penchant* for hustling and "getting there" is too strong to be resisted on an important occasion, and until they learn that the conventions which apply to commerce are not permissible in sport, they will never be sportsmen.

The Hungarians Carrying in their Boat

Photos *Topical Agency*

A FEW OF THE VISITING CREWS AT THE OLYMPIC REGATTA NOW TAKING PLACE AT HENLEY

Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Royalty and the Police

I notice that one Charles McKenzie, a chauffeur, was fined at Morpeth the other day for exceeding the legal speed limit. McKenzie's defence, on the face of it, one would have thought a sufficient answer to the charge, as it appeared that he was told off to drive T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales during their visit to the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. The man's employer, when giving him instructions, informed him that for that special service he was to consider himself exempt from observance of the speed limit, and, like a good servant, he obeyed. The Chairman of the Bench inquired of the prosecuting sergeant if his Royal Highness enjoyed the same immunity as his Majesty under motor-car law, to which the officer replied that he had "no instructions." The point is of comparatively small importance, because we all know that when the police are aware that H.R.H. is motoring all possible deference is invariably shown to him and to the members of his party. We, of course, commend the impartial attitude of the Morpeth magistrates in their strict administration of the law, but that in no wise increases our respect for the said legal enactment. Any ignorant policeman might conceivably delay even his Majesty when engaged in affairs of national importance on the grounds of excessive speed or of carrying no identification numbers, and although the ignorance of the offending constable would doubtless meet with the kind of promotion it would merit, the annoyance would be none the less. Statesmen hurrying to Parliament, judges intent upon their official duties, doctors driving to grapple with death at the patient's bedside, are all alike amenable to the fetish we have set up which says, "Thou shalt not exceed twenty miles an hour on the open road, although the welfare of the Empire may be at stake." Surely an amendment of the Motor Car Acts in the form of a "justifiable emergency" clause might well be undertaken by some of our motoring legislators.

The Cup presented by "The Bystander" at the Hastings Motor Gymkhana to winner of the Obstacle Race, Mr. Alfred du Cros. It was specially manufactured by Messrs. Elkington

* * *

Brooklands August Meeting

Some highly interesting and exciting sport may be confidently anticipated at Brooklands on August 1 and 3. The Brooklands Grand Prix for cars entered

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Photo *Topical Agency*

Fighting the Dust Fiend: The 24 h.-p. Junior Car, with disc wheels, at thirty miles an hour on the "Dust Track" at Brooklands

Experiments to help to deal with the motor dust nuisance were carried on at Brooklands last week, when all kinds of devices, more or less effective, were tested, and cinematograph records taken, the films of which are to be carefully compared. The above photograph shows the 24 h.-p. Junior Car, fitted with disc wheels, passing over the dust-prepared track at thirty miles an hour

Odol-the World's Dentifrice.

for the classic French event is a race of about ninety-three miles, and some of the Continental cracks are certain to be on hand to pick up the £400 offered as first prize. Then there is the O'Gorman Trophy Contest, in which, as no restriction of any kind in regard to fuel or "extraneous aids," such as oxygen, are imposed, some sensational sprinting should be seen. The second Montagu Cup race for cars of cylinder dimensions of 145 to 235, distance thirty miles, promises to bring out some fliers. The Merit Trophy for cars with internal combustion engines entered and driven by private competitors, the Journalists' Handicap for similar cars entered and driven by members of the staff of any daily or weekly newspaper, all promise excellent sport, and there are, in addition, nearly another dozen races for decision during the two days.

* * *

Motor Yacht Club Doings

With highly commendable enterprise the executive of the Motor Yacht Club have arranged for a vessel of 250 tons to be at the disposal of members and their friends as a floating headquarters during Cowes week. She will be comfortably fitted with cabin accommodation, and the catering will be in capable hands. With a fleet of fast cruising motor launches in attendance, few more enjoyable ways of "doing" the Royal Regatta can be imagined, and early application for cabins, etc., should be made to the Secretary on board the *Enchantress* at Netley. On Saturday, August 15, a race for M.Y.C. one design sailing boats has been arranged between members of the Aero Club and the M.Y.C. Those eligible to compete for the very handsome cups and prizes presented by Mr. F. H. Butler and Mr. Griffith Brewer are members of both clubs, members of either club who have made at least one balloon ascent, and ladies who have made one aerial flight. This contest between "sky pilots" and their marine brethren should occasion much sporting interest. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Davison Dalziel

The Taxi-cab King, who is the chairman of the committee of management of the now combined General and United Motor-Cab Companies

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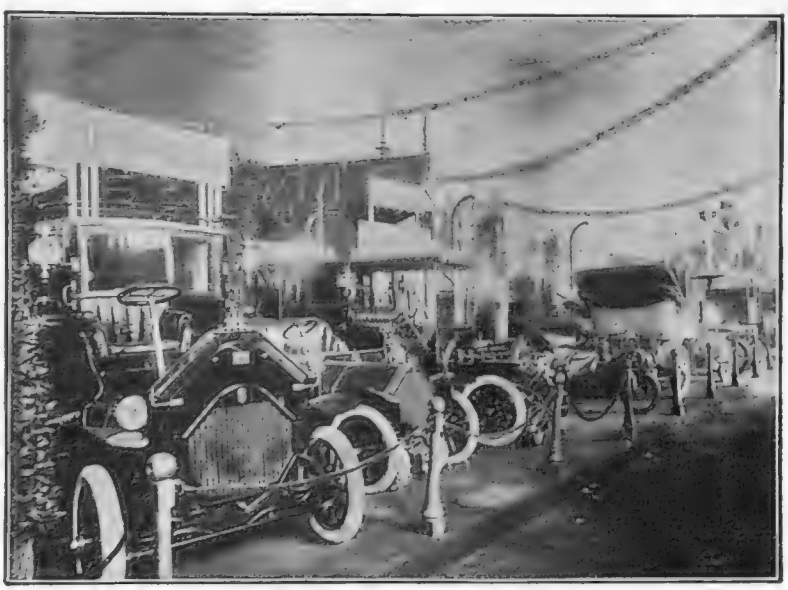

Humber Exhibits at the Moscow Show

At the Moscow Motor Show the Humber were the only cars awarded the diploma and gold medal This make is extremely popular in all parts of Russia

* * *

Miscellanea

Applications for ten-mile speed-limits have been made for Teddington (Middlesex) and Baldock, and Royston (Herts).

A Scottish depôt of the ubiquitous "A.A." has been opened at Gordon Chambers, Mitchell Street, Glasgow.

Mr. Stenson Cooke is requested by the Town Clerk of Hunstanton to warn motorists against driving quickly through the main street of that town.

Members of the A.A. now exceed 7,000.

The makers of the 24 h.-p. Albion car, which gained a special cup in the Scottish trials, are loud in their praises of the Palmer cord tyres, which ran through without trouble of any kind.

The German Protos car, which has so greatly distinguished itself in the New York-Paris Race by arriving first in Paris, well ahead of its competitors, is fitted with Dunlop detachable rims and tyres, which have been found invaluable as time-saving appliances by every motorist who has used them.

In connection with the Touring Congress to be held in London in 1909, the Ligue Internationale des Associations Touristes has accepted the invitation of the Motor Union to hold its eleventh annual congress then.

The Lancashire Automobile Club is arranging to give the crippled children of Preston, Blackburn, Darwen, and Chorley a breath of fresh air on August 22 and August 29, and the Hon. Secretary will be grateful to any BYSTANDER readers who can lend their cars for the praiseworthy object.

The Irish A.C. hold an open hill-climb at Ballinaslaughter on August 21. It is to be hoped the day will not be too killing.

The Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., have been appointed purveyors of motor spirit to H.M. the King.

The winning Grand Prix Mercéd s, which has been bought by Mr. Fry, will be one of the racing attraction at Brooklands on August 3.

A NEW CARBURETTOR. — H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W., have placed upon the market a Carburettor which is perfectly automatic at all speeds, and will guarantee a considerable saving in petrol, with increased power and flexibility.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY

A few words about the Motor-Cab Amalgamation, and Mr. Davison Dalziel, the Taxi King

It is doubtful whether even Mr. Davison Dalziel, when he introduced the taxi-motor cab into London, and founded the General Motor-Cab Company, anticipated the amount of public appreciation with which his efforts have finally been crowned. The amalgamation of the General and the United Cab Companies has now made the General Motor-Cab Company the largest institution of its kind in the world; and it was a signal compliment, as well as an act of appreciation, which the shareholders of the Company paid to Mr. Davison Dalziel when they unanimously re-appointed him, not only Chairman of the Company, but Chairman of the small Managing Committee to which has been delegated the exclusive management of the Company's affairs for the next ten years. The Company has the good wishes of all in its future operations, for the daily life of London would become impossible without the already popular taxi-cab. It is all a question of management, and if Mr. Dalziel is careful to see that his technical and managerial departments are well looked after, there appears to be no great reason to fear that the General Motor-Cab Company will ever suffer from competition.

Three Thousand Taxi-Cabs

At the meetings of the General Motor-Cab Company and the United Motor-Cab Company on Monday, July 27, the necessary resolutions for their amalgamation were passed unanimously. Mr. Davison Dalziel, who presided, and to whose enterprise the formation of both undertakings was practically due, stated that the joint takings during June amounted to £70,190, and that for the current month they would probably reach about £90,000. The amalgamated Company will have a capital of £1,000,006, and so soon as all the cabs now under order are delivered will own between 3,000 and 4,000 vehicles. Apart from the saving in general administration costs which the fusion will secure, there is the fact that the General Company has elaborate repair shops and engineering works at Brixton, which have cost nearly £150,000, and which are of the greatest importance in the upkeep and efficient maintenance of the cabs.

Wear and Tear

Mr. Dalziel's remarks on the question of depreciation, made not long ago, are interesting. "I have no doubt," he said, "that if you take a motor-cab and run it about the streets of London in public service until it drops to pieces in a normal way, it won't last for six years—it might not last for one. But this condition of affairs does not apply to the way in which your cabs are dealt with. Unlike the poor old cab-horse, whose internal arrangements are incapable of renewal when they are worn out, your substitute for him can be rejuvenated bit by bit to order, and at a comparatively small cost."

The Competition Question

On another question, and an important one, Mr. Dalziel has spoken, as usual, to the point. This is the question of competition, and one may permit oneself a quotation from one of his recent speeches: "I have read in one of the important daily newspapers in London," said Mr. Dalziel, "in comment on this Company's affairs, that competition will grow enormously. I want to ease your minds on the score of this question of competition. Our experience is that, in order that a business of this kind may be run successfully, it is absolutely necessary that it should be upon a bold and comprehensive scale. Any enterprise dependent for its existence upon the handling of a small number of cabs, such as 100 or 150, cannot possibly work under the same advantageous circumstances that we are able to work to-day."

Your Registered Fare—Pay No More!

Mr. Dalziel, in his remarks to the shareholders, made a special appeal to the public generally not to pay any money whatever by way of fares to the drivers of the taxi-cabs on the streets of London unless such fares were registered upon the taximeter. "The sum payable by the passenger is the sum marked on the taximeter, and nothing else," he said, and he particularly impressed upon those who were present the importance of never making any payment for fares other than as indicated in that manner. Of course, this has nothing whatever to do with the purely optional gift by way of a tip to the driver.

Police and Public

It was also satisfactory, from the public point of view, to learn, from what Mr. Dalziel stated, that the Police Department has done so much, and such earnest work, in assisting in the development of this new and growing industry, not, be it understood, from the point of view of the Company, but from the point of view of the public, and it was agreeable to listen to the generous way in which Mr. Dalziel, while admitting that many of the regulations drafted by Scotland Yard were somewhat onerous upon the Company, said that he was quite satisfied, nevertheless, that they were in the public interest, and that from the inception he had met with nothing but the most courteous and encouraging treatment from the officials of that much-maligned Department.

Advantages of Amalgamation

It cannot be said that the idea of amalgamating the two concerns comes as a surprise, for Mr. Dalziel has on several occasions given shareholders to understand that at some favourable opportunity such an event might come to pass. The United Motor-Cab Company has since its formation been more or less under the guidance and control of the General Motor-Cab Company. Mr. Dalziel has personally been chairman of the Company, and three of the directors—Mr. Lazare Weiller, Mr. Charles Mascart, and Mr. Wiriot—have been members of the board. The public, therefore, have had every opportunity of watching the development of this sister undertaking, and of coming to a matured conclusion as to whether, by an amalgamation of interests, the welfare of both concerns would be served. The United Motor-Cab Company has been reared to maturity under the same conditions, save those of management, as the General Motor-Cab Company; and it is satisfactory to know that the comparative workings are practically the same in both cases, and that the remarkable success which has hitherto attended the growth and development of the one enterprise has been shared to its fullest extent by the other.

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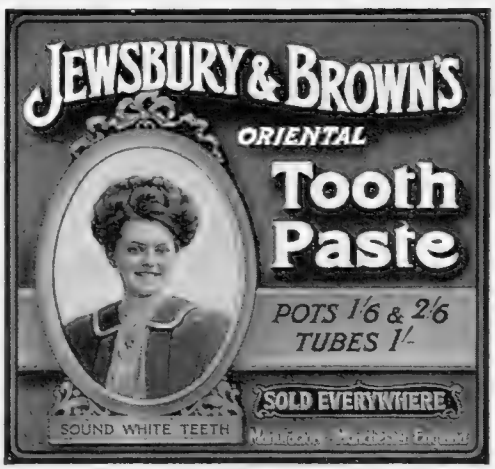

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Racing Notions: Goodwood Prospects By CARBINE

The Luck of the Turf

Curious, the luck in racing! In one season we see an owner, the envied of all, doing wonderfully well, and winning enough money in stakes alone to pay all his racing expenses and leave a substantial margin. In the following year, though starting with prospects quite as bright as they were before, he may find things going dead against him, and constant reverses will remind him sharply that the owning of race-horses is not a poor man's amusement. A millionaire owner was called upon to pay income tax upon nearly £40,000 won by his horses, and the guileless revenue assessors debited him with the same amount on account of his winnings twelve months later. Deep was their astonishment when the claim was resisted on the ground that instead of having netted thousands of pounds on the Turf this owner had only been credited with one small race all the season, and his racing expenses for the year were accordingly a long way on the wrong side! This remarkable case is by no means isolated. Contrast the figures of the Duke of Portland in 1889, when he won £73,858 in stakes, with those of 1905, when he only secured £912. The racing record of his Majesty the King will also show some amazing differences. In the case of the Duke of Portland the run of bad luck has stuck to him for quite a long time, and nobody was more surprised than he was last week when he heard that he had won half a race at Liverpool. There was a sort of grim satisfaction in the news after a prolonged record of disappointments.

Mr. J. B. Joel's Successes

But when the horses of a particular stable do happen to strike good form there are few limitations to their possibilities of success. Look, for example, at Mr. J. B. Joel's recent series of triumphs. At one time this year there was a rumour that he intended to retire from the Turf for reasons which need not be discussed here. But the report was unfounded; Mr. J. B. Joel stuck to his guns, and now he finds himself a long way at the head of the list of successful owners, with the prospect of winning the Doncaster St. Leger and other big races before the end of the season. This state of affairs may not be exactly pleasurable to those stupid people who booed his colours at Sandown Park recently; but there can be no getting away from the fact that Mr. Joel's success has been fairly won. His best winners have not been bought at auction by the weight of the Barnato millions; they have been bred by him in the way that is open for every wealthy man. If there were not certain other matters to distract his attention just now, Mr. J. B. Joel would be greatly rejoicing in the possession of two of the grandest horses in training. I refer to Your Majesty, who followed up his Eclipse Stakes victory by putting in another sterling performance at Liverpool last week, and to Dean Swift, who showed his real greatness by winning the Liverpool Cup under top weight and in record time. A wonderful animal is the "Dean." For looks he would never win a prize in the show ring, but with him it is always "handsome is as handsome does." Two years ago £3,000 was offered for Dean Swift by a gentleman who wanted to win the Viceroy Cup in India. Many times since Mr. Joel must have congratulated himself on his judgment in not selling.

Goodwood Still Glorious

In the age of motor-cars Goodwood is no longer the inaccessible spot it once was, and the area for house-parties for the meeting—this is really the only perfect way of "doing" Goodwood—has been considerably widened of late years. This fact, coupled with the enterprise shown by the Duke of Richmond in razing the old antiquated stands and erecting others that are equal to anything of the kind to be seen elsewhere, makes for the continued success of one of the most delightful meetings in the world. In fact, Goodwood is more glorious than ever. The programme this year seems to be of more than usual attractiveness. On Wednesday many people will follow a stable which is in luck, and back Royal Dream for the Goodwood Plate; but I prefer the chances of Pillo and Black Spot, between whom there is very little to choose if we take a line through Magellan. My belief is that **Pillo** will win, and Black Spot should run into a place. On the same afternoon I shall expect to see the Lavant Stakes won by **Genny**, whose owner, the Baroness de Forest races under the name of "Mr. For." I should recommend the chance of **Syringa** in the Findon Stakes.

Our Champion Stayer

On Thursday we shall no doubt see The White Knight in the Goodwood Cup, and what is there to beat this magnificent stayer? Mr. Leopold de Rothschild threatens chief danger with Radium and Santa Strata, and as they both receive substantial weight the selected one may make a good race with **The White Knight**, in whom, however, my faith is strong. On this day we shall probably have the satisfaction of cheering a Royal victory, as **Princesse de Galles** looks to be a good thing for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, though there are other races at the meeting for which this charming filly is entered. The Chesterfield Cup on Friday will be a fine race, many of the cracks being engaged, and my fancy is for **Land League.** If ever he is going to win a race this season, **Mountain Apple** ought to secure the Gordon Stakes.

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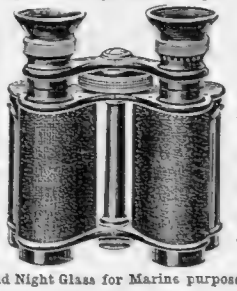

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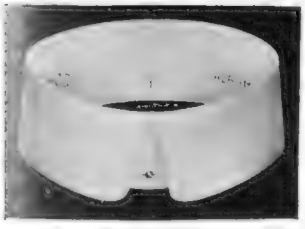

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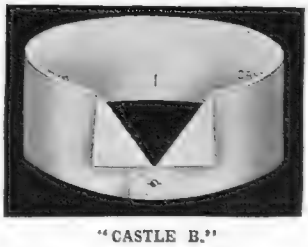

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FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Neat Travelling Woman

Has always a peculiar fascination; she might almost be used incidentally as an advertising medium. It is the reverse of a blessing to possess the observant, critical eye. I can recall many journeys that might otherwise have been pleasant experiences rendered completely unpleasant by the obviously incongruous clothing of my fellow-travellers. There is one woman—oh! how well I know her—who always travels in fear of draughts, and in a heavy frieze wrap; while, to run to the other end of the stick, there is her antithesis, who simply courts dust through the filmiest lace stockings and an elaborate lace blouse. Both are equally anomalous, and not to be compared with our alpaca-clad lady, illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar.

Now I will point out very briefly the points of our design. As has been said, it is of alpaca, in a pretty mouse shade. The simplicity of the skirt speaks for itself, while the vague coatee is built with wide arm-holes and roomy sleeves, so that it can be easily slipped on and off, as occasion demands, in the train. The only decoration introduced on this comprises a little hand-embroidered black satin. Any sort of cool *lingerie* blouse can be worn with the skirt, finishing at the waist in a band of its own material, permanently fixed.

The hat, although large, has a soft, pliable brim, which permits the wearer to lean back with impunity; the gloves worn are white wash-leather of easy fit; and for the feet, shoes are suggested in preference to boots, since nothing add to one's travelling comfort more than to slip off outdoor footgear. Indeed, the dimensions of the bag carried suggests the possible presence of a pair of soft, dainty boudoir slippers that might, under certain justifiable circumstances, be allowed to replace the others.

An Original Design for a Neat Travelling Dress
Carried out in alpaca in a pretty mouse shade

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

A Vogue for Holland Suits and Coloured Touches

Quite quietly and without ostentation there have crept to the front the very smartest little holland suits, very simply fashioned, the semi-fitting cut-away coats faced down with a narrow collar of geranium pink, rose, *nattier* blue, hydrangea mauve, parsley, or billiard-board green. And this collar facing, so far as the suit is concerned, is the sole break permitted to the harmony. But the idea is to wear a striped lawn shirt, in which this colour is introduced, and a belt of the same shade, a further repetition occurring in the hat, probably in the guise of one of the pretty French cotton voile scarves, the folds caught down at one side with a La France rose or a Malmaison pink.

To wear with these costumes there are suéde shoes and open-work stockings exactly toned to the holland shade, while the petticoat beneath—for those who condescend to wear petticoats at all—is frequently of hand-embroidered lawn, dainty and filmy, and yet with a certain consistent solidity that is peculiarly sympathetic.

I am more than a little enamoured, too, of white pleated linen skirts, worn with a white lawn shirt, the distinctive feature whereof is an immense *plissé* hemstitched frill, and a smart navy blue fine serge or cloth coat. It is highly probable the latter is the stand-by possession of many wardrobes already, and to such I would seriously commend the consideration of this economical revision.

Madame Celestine 35, Old Bond Street

Sitting in the quiet, cool seclusion of Madame Celestine's charming *salons*, it is difficult to believe that a lift, within a step of the outer door, runs one down in the space of a few seconds into the crowded Bond Street. If it was merely accident that located Madame Celestine in this apartment, then she has, assuredly, that fickle Dame Fortune on her side. For rest and peace are conspicuous additions to what promises to be a very successful skin treatment.

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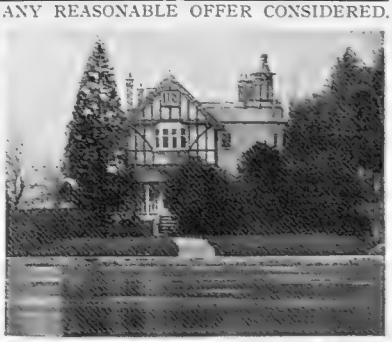

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"HOLE PARK," ROLVENDEN (with shooting over 1,900 acres).—This beautiful ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, in the most delightful scenery of Kent, a few miles from the Sussex border, is to be LET on a favourable Lease under exceptional circumstances at a very moderate rental and premium. It stands in a finely timbered park, and contains: oak-panelled hall (35ft. by 24ft.), large reception rooms, billiard room, about 20 bedrooms, and all the domestic offices are on the ground floor; the pleasure grounds, 2 lodges, carriage drives, gardens and lands of 113 acres are exceedingly attractive and quite inexpensive to maintain; there is ample stabling and cottages for gardener, keepers, etc.; doctor, church, and post-office within a mile.—Apply to Mr. E. J. CARTER, 3, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells; or to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., where the game bag, plans, and photographs may be seen.

In Consequence of the Death of the Late Owner.

TO BE LET, Furnished, on Lease, with shooting over 2,000 acres, the historic ESTATE, "RUSHBROOKE PARK," Bury St. Edmund's. The Mansion, picture of which appears, stands in a noble park of some 200 acres, and is built in the form of an open quadrangle, the East wing of which dates from the reign of King John, the West wing being added in the time of Elizabeth. A wide moat surrounds the House, access to the park being over an arched brick bridge. The entrance hall has a fine mantelpiece, supported by Caryatide figures; a broad oak staircase leads to the upper floors. The noble dining room (52ft. by 27ft.) is partly panelled in oak, and also on the ground floor are a billiard room, boudoir, smoking room, and complete domestic offices. On the first floor a capacious hall leads to 5 principal bedrooms, a magnificent ballroom (70ft. by 22ft.), and 12 other bedrooms and dressing rooms, exclusive of servants' bedrooms, nurseries, etc.; a fine collection of portraits by Van Dyk, Lely, and early Georgian artists adorn the walls; ample stabling accommodation; the grounds are finely timbered, and include tennis lawn, rosary, walled kitchen garden, vineries, orchard, etc.; the Estate extends to about 2,000 acres, including 500 acres of well-placed woodland, capable of holding a large head of pheasants; capital partridge shooting; plenty of hares; hunting with the Suffolk Foxhounds. To be LET, Furnished, on Lease, for 7, 14, or 21 years.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD, by AUCTION, on October 8 next, "FARMING WOODS," 4¼ miles from Weldon and Corby Station, 9 miles from Kettering, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING, AND HISTORICAL ESTATE, extending to

4,365 ACRES IN A RING FENCE,

including the

PICTURESQUE STONE-BUILT MANSION,

standing 300 ft. above sea level in a deer park of over 200 acres. Accommodation: 3 entrance halls, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 35 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; the Mansion is replete with every convenience, including electric light; stabling, motor-houses, cottages, workshops, etc.; the agricultural lands are divided into 12 excellent farms, also numerous small holdings, the whole producing an actual and estimated

RENT ROLL OF OVER £4,000 PER ANNUM.

Over 1,157 acres of woodland; first-rate hunting; good shooting; golf.—Illustrated particulars, plans, and Conditions of Sale may be had of Messrs. KEEN WICH, SMITH and KAY, Solicitors, 2, Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.; Messrs. FISHER, BOLAM and Co., Land Agents, Market Harborough; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Calleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—5,000 gns. will PURCHASE the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

BETWEEN HARROW AND HENDON.

A CHARMING LITTLE PROPERTY, situate only a few miles from London, amidst absolutely country environments, might now be PURCHASED or RENTED upon advantageous terms. It comprises a quaint and picturesque House of moderate size, in attractive grounds of about 2 acres; near good golf links; carriage drive, with lodge, stabling, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,244)

BANKS OF THE THAMES (on a favourite Upper Reach), 5 minutes from the river, near an old market town, and ¾ mile from a station.—To be SOLD, this charming modern RESIDENCE, especially built for the present owner, and splendidly fitted: vestibule hall, dining room, drawing room, 6 bedrooms (one with pretty oriel window), dressing room, with bath, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas; lovely garden, with 2 full-sized tennis lawns.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,728)

40 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

HERTS, King's Langley (¾ mile from a main line station).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, charmingly positioned on the slope of a hill, 100 yds. away from the road, and commanding views over undulating and well-wooded country. The House (see above view) contains: large lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 attics, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling, carriage house, and man's rooms; attractive grounds of about 10 acres; gas and water laid on; good sanitation, and soft water supply.—Particulars of the Sole Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,721)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKS.

NEAR HARROGATE (1½ mile from Birstwith Station; within easy reach of Leeds and other industrial centres).—The compact FREEHOLD, RESIDENTIAL, and AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, "WINSLEY HURST," of upwards of 420 acres, including the above exceptionally well-built family Mansion, standing high, on sandy subsoil, and commanding magnificent views; stabling for 10 horses; superb gardens and pleasure grounds; a valuable pastoral holding known as "WINSLEY GRANGE," with a well-positioned residence and farm buildings; 3 well-arranged accommodation holdings, and 5 cottages; capital fishing obtainable in the River Nidd; hunting with 2 packs; close to the moors, with salubrious climate and good social amenities.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the George Hotel, Harrogate, on Thursday, August 6, 1908, as a whole, or in two Lots as under (unless previously sold):

Lot 1.—"Winsley Hurst" and land A.85 2 17
Lot 2.—Four accommodation farms 334 1 29

Particulars of Messrs. BARBER and BLACKBURN, Solicitors, 29, James Street, Harrogate; J. TINDALE, Esq., Estate Agent, Killinghall, viâ Leeds; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

25 MINUTES FROM LONDON BY L. & N.W.R.
In a Delightfully Rural District, near Stanmore and Harrow-on-the-Hill.
EXCELLENT GOLF LINKS WITHIN A MILE.

A CHARMING RED-BRICK, MODERATE-SIZED MANSION, standing 300ft. above sea level, in a delightfully timbered miniature park and grounds of about 27 acres, to be LET, Unfurnished. It is well removed from a road, is approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge, and contains: 3 or 4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-class offices; stabling for 6; lodge and 2 cottages; delightful pleasure grounds, with extensive lawns; productive gardens, with necessary glass, and some useful paddocks. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,614)

AMIDST LOVELY WOODS, ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY in Surrey might now be secured, by a prompt buyer, upon advantageous terms. It is situate under a mile from a station, whence London is reached in about 45 minutes, and comprises a charmingly picturesque Residence in grounds of singular beauty. The House contains: lounge and inner halls, drawing room, dining room, study, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; it is admirably appointed throughout, and in the best possible order; electric light installed; Company's water, and good sanitation; stabling for 6; carriage house, motor-house, etc.; entrance lodge and coachman's cottage. The superb grounds and "old-world" gardens form a special feature; they embrace large croquet lawn, tennis lawns, bowling green, etc., and are sheltered by fine forest and ornamental trees.—This choice Property has been personally inspected, and is strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,134)

£1,250 WILL PURCHASE the above very attractive FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, 250ft. above sea level, CHARMING SURROUNDINGS, station 2¼ miles. Ashdown Forest and golf links 5 miles. Church, telegraph, and telephone 5 minutes: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, etc.; pretty terraced gardens, orchard, and paddock, in all 2 acres; shed for pony; good water and drainage, and in first-class order. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,624)

WANTED TO RENT.—For the season, or a year, in the Grafton Country, near Brackley preferred, a medium-sized HUNTING BOX, with Cottage for man and stabling for 6 or 7 horses. Good rent will be paid for really suitable place.—Address, "WILTS," Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

TO CITY MEN AND OTHERS.
45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY, ON THE G.E.R. MAIN LINE.

IN A PERFECTLY RURAL DISTRICT.—Picturesque, old-fashioned HOUSE, with small but well-secluded old gardens, can now be secured for the very moderate sum of £1,200 Freehold: bath, 3 sitting, and 6 bedrooms; stabling for 3; main drainage, gas laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,556)

SURREY HILLS (near Epsom Downs; 6 minutes from station, near pretty village).—Price, £1,850 for the above capital well-built COUNTRY HOUSE, high, dry, and rural situation, with charming matured grounds of over ½ an acre; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; gas; Company's water; modern drainage; near golf.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,789)

AN ATTRACTIVE HOME IN YORKSHIRE

FOR SALE, an exceptionally charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, situate amidst rural surroundings, in a pleasant district of the above county, conveniently near to a station, with excellent train service to Leeds and Manchester. The House (see view above) is a well-planned, stone-built residence, commanding good views; it is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and good servants' offices; stabling, carriage house, and men's rooms; well-sheltered grounds, including pleasure and kitchen gardens and paddocks; near trout and salmon fishing; good water and drainage; electric light.—Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,461)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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ONE AND A QUARTER HOURS OF LONDON.

GERRARDS CROSS (1¼ hours of London).—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice, the above attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in exceptionally pretty well-timbered grounds of nearly 3 acres: entrance hall, 4 good reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; good outbuildings, conservatory, greenhouse; hunting with 3 packs; fishing; gravel soil.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,507)

THIS GRAND AND GENUINE ELIZABETHAN MANSION, within easy motor run daily of Town, standing amidst superb old-world grounds, and affording accommodation for a family of distinction, TO BE SOLD. To American and Colonial Gentlemen is afforded an opportunity of securing a real old English home, dating from the time of the Tudors.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHESHAM (amidst the beautiful Chilterns, with good train service).—Comfortable COUNTRY COTTAGE, commanding lovely views over the estate of Lord Chesham: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception; large gardens, orchard, and meadows; stabling, cowhouse, piggery, etc.; nearly 6 acres. Freehold, £2,850 only.—Inspected by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A BIJOU FARM.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF NEARLY 7 ACRES.

HANTS (1 hour of Waterloo, and 1 mile of station).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, well away from main road and motor dust, approached by 2 carriage drives, and surrounded by exceedingly pretty well-timbered grounds of nearly 7 acres: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing, bathroom, etc.; conservatory, greenhouse; stabling for 2, large coach or motor-house; pretty stream with fishing; close to 2 golf links.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,738)

A GREAT BARGAIN.

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE this charming RESIDENCE, situated in one of the prettiest parts of SURREY, 1 hour of London and 1 mile of station.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

Well-timbered grounds of 1½ acres, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 2,099)

20 ACRES. HOUSE. STABLING, ETC.

£1,350.—KENT.—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice FREEHOLD PLEASURE or POULTRY FARM, extending to about 20 acres (mostly grass); well built and attractive Residence: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, also 4-roomed bungalow, stabling, and outbuildings; pretty gardens and grounds, lawns, rose garden, orchard.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NEAR NOTED HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

£1,600.—Over 650ft. above sea level, commanding good views, grounds of 2 acres, paddock, and orchard: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, pretty verandah, conservatory; stabling for 2; cottage; extra land can be had.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,447)

350 ACRES. GEORGIAN HOUSE.

KENT.—To be SOLD, the above exceedingly choice PROPERTY, comprising an attractive Georgian RESIDENCE, with 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; pretty grounds; tennis lawn, etc.; good stabling; farmery; several cottages and 350 acres of good land.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

50 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, the above picturesque TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE, with 50 acres: entrance hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; bailiff's cottage; stabling; farm buildings.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,024)

TORQUAY.—To be SOLD or LET, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty secluded grounds of 1½ acres, with lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, etc.; entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, pretty verandah, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 3 horses; greenhouse, fowl run, etc.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,683)

44 ACRES, 9 BED AND DRESSING, BILLIARD ROOM, STABLING.

SUSSEX (excellent train service, 1 hour of London).—To be LET, Unfurnished, this charmingly placed RESIDENCE, with exceedingly pretty well-timbered grounds and park, extending to 44 acres: hall, 4 reception, billiard, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom; excellent stabling, motor-house; glasshouses; 2 cottages; water laid on, perfect repair; good hunting, golf. Rent, £175.—Strongly recommended by Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,[illegible])

SUSSEX HIGHLANDS.—To be SOLD, the above charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in one of the finest positions in the county, commanding magnificent panoramic views. It is exceptionally well built and fitted up throughout, and contains: large lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling, farmery; lovely grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, flower and kitchen gardens, and parkland, in all about 21 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,[illegible])

ALMOST ADJOINING GOLF LINKS

SURREY (Byfleet).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built and attractive RESIDENCE, 10 minutes of station, and 35 minutes of Waterloo: vestibule, lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; pretty well-timbered grounds of over an acre.

GRAVEL SOIL. ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.

Stabling or motor-house could be built.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE ONLY £1,800.

NEW FOREST (Heart of).—To be SOLD the above exceedingly picturesque RESIDENCE, situated in this lovely district, within 10 minutes of main line station, and 2½ hours of London. It stands well back from the road in pretty well-kept grounds of over 1 acre: entrance hall, 2 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; near golf, polo, hunting, and shooting.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,663)

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SURVEYOR, VALUER.

3 ACRES, 6 BEDROOMS, STABLING.

BUCK[illegible] thin 25 minutes of Town and close to [illegible]ularly picturesque village).—To be LET, Fu[illegible]hed, this

ATT[illegible]CTIVE OLD ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE,

in ground[illegible] of 3 acres. Contains: 3 panelled reception [illegible]ooms, 4 best bedrooms, bathroom, w.c., 3 servants' [illegible]ooms, 2 attics, usual domestic offices. Stabling [illegible], kitchen garden, paddock, shrubbery, lawns, et[illegible] Golf links within 2 miles.

F. J. [illegible]LD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (O 171)

1 ACRE. £1,350.

BUCK[illegible] ft. above sea level, close to an ex[illegible] common, 34 minutes from Town by the [illegible].R.).—For SALE, or would LET, Furnishe[illegible] a COUNTRY COTTAGE, in the Queen A[illegible] style, containing: 2 reception rooms, 4 bedroo[illegible] tastefully laid-out grounds of 1 acre, including [illegible]ovely flower garden, with about 300 rose tr[illegible]

Apply, [illegible]. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,246)

BERKS.

£1,50[illegible] WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old RESIDENCE, situate in an old-worl[illegible]rkshire village, within 5 minutes' walk [illegible]Thames, 2½ miles of station, whence Town [illegible]ched in just over the hour: lounge hall, [illegible]rawing rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. an[illegible]tabling for 3, coach-house or garage; well-t[illegible]grounds, including tennis or croquet lawn. [illegible]be LET on Lease.

F. J. [illegible]LD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,187)

CLE[illegible]TED NAIRN GOLF LINKS. [illegible]LOOKING MORAY FIRTH.

SCOTLAND, IN THE DISTRICT OF NAIRN.
ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, occupying charming position
IN VIEW OF BEN NEVIS,
ONLY £130 (FURNISHED) FOR A YEAR.

Standing in 7 acres of grounds. Approached by a carriage drive.

Contains: square hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 best bedrooms, servants' rooms, bathroom, and domestic offices. Stabling for 2 horses.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (N 2,503)

ON A HILLSIDE, 14 miles of the City, with a peculiarly good train service.—To be SOLD (will not Let), this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully laid-out and thoroughly matured grounds. The House, replete with every modern comfort, is soundly built, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.).

Price and all particulars of F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,245)

BERKS (1½ miles of 3 stations on the G.W.R., and about 2 minutes' walk of the river).—For SALE, this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing well away from the road, and is approached by an avenue of trees. The accommodation includes: hall, drawing room, conservatory, dining room; library, 8 excellent bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 2; motor garage; the grounds extend to about 2½ acres, and include tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, large vinery, etc., gardener's cottage. — Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,250)

OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—An opportunity occurs of securing on moderate terms a delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 15 acres, in the choicest part of the county. The House is most substantially built, stands on a breezy knoll, and commands beautiful views of the Cotswold Hills: lounge hall and fine oak staircase, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, full domestic offices, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses; delightful park and grounds, with full-sized croquet and tennis lawns, walled-in kitchen gardens, vineries, peach-houses, etc.; trout stream; golf links near; good hunting country.

For price and rent apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,209)

HIGH ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.
EASY DISTANCE OF THE HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a well-known COUNTY SEAT, beautifully situated in South Oxon, overlooking a grand old deer park and the Thames Valley.

Library, drawing room, dining room, billiard room, conservatory, some 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, ample servants' quarters, modern sanitation; acetylene plant; beautiful grounds and gardens, with vineries, etc., and about 35 acres of grassland; good stabling; 2 lodges, 2 cottages.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,232)

855FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY (only 40 minutes from Town).—To be SOLD, this attractive RESIDENCE, having unsurpassed views of surrounding country: carriage drive, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, above 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; well-matured grounds, 2 tennis lawns, shrubberies, rose, fruit, and kitchen gardens, paddock, in all 4 acres; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, and garage with rooms; telephone and main water; close to golf and Old Surrey Hounds.

Price and further particulars from F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,233)

SWITZERLAND.
IN VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

THIS DELIGHTFUL and elegantly Furnished VILLA, with châlet, seated in beautifully cultivated gardens on the borders of Lake Thune, to be LET for the Summer months.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS,	7 BEST BEDROOMS,
2 COVERED VERANDAHS,	5 SERVANTS' ROOMS,
BOATHOUSE,	BATHROOM, BATHING-HOUSE.

The lovely grounds include tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, avenues, fountains, etc.; 20 minutes' walk from the town, 10 minutes from railway station. Rent only £220 for the season.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (W 3,020)

IN THE PRETTY BYFLEET DISTRICT.
TO BE LET FOR THE SUMMER.

SURREY (within 5 minutes of a railway station).—A gentleman's extremely well-Furnished RESIDENCE, standing in beautiful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, rose pergola, kitchen garden, etc.; 10 minutes' walk of 3 golf links: large lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen and offices; detached motor-house, with a delightful House for the Summer. Rent asked, 8 gns. per week.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 678)

SURREY HILLS. ADJOINING CHIPSTEAD GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.—An exceptionally well-Furnished COTTAGE RESIDENCE, of pretty design, standing high up on the Surrey Hills, adjoining the golf links, and 10 minutes from the station.

Square hall, 2 large reception rooms, 3 or 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and domestic offices; choicely laid-out garden and lawns. Low Rent.

Agent, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—For SALE, a picturesque RESIDENCE, formerly a farmhouse, recently modernised regardless of expense. It enjoys a perfectly secluded position, 300ft. above the sea, with South aspect: billiard, 5 reception, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 6; shady pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive fruit and vegetable garden, and 3 enclosures of rich old pasture, in all about 15 acres; excellent hunting; shooting and fishing can be had in the district.—Price (two-thirds can remain on mortgage) and further particulars of Box K 3,828, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A QUAINT OLD TIMBERED HOUSE.
32 ACRES AND FARM BUILDINGS.

THE MOST RURAL PART OF SURREY (near Leith Hill and Holmwood, 325ft. above sea level).—A genuine old HOUSE, containing 8 rooms, unspoilt by renovation, surrounded by old-fashioned gardens and orchard, excellent grassland, etc. £2,500 with 32 acres.—Full particulars of Box K 1,892, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A SMALL HOUSE AND 16 ACRES.

NORTH HERTFORDSHIRE (1 mile from G.N.R. station).—A compact little RESIDENCE, containing: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, and bathroom, with 16 acres of land, eminently suitable as a Poultry Farm, or House and 5 acres would be Sold separately.—Particulars on application to Box K 3,873, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SEVENOAKS DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, a pretty RESIDENCE, quite in the country, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 1 dressing room, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4 horses; pretty grounds and lawns, etc.—Full particulars of Box K 3,939, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MINUTES OF TOWN, with unrivalled views over 30 miles.—A delightful old gabled RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful position, standing high on Bagshot sand in 20 acres of old-world grounds, woods, and meadows, with small sheet of ornamental water: hall, 2 reception, billiard, 9 bed and bathrooms; complete offices; stabling.—Full particulars of Box K 3,655, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.—HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a beautifully built and compact moderate-sized RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main line station, from whence London is reached in half an hour. The House stands in about 8 acres of charming pleasure grounds, and contains: pretty lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling and outbuildings. Photos can be seen.—Full particulars on application to Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
GOLF LINKS ¾ MILE.

SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: spacious entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, usual offices; well-shaded garden, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BROADSTAIRS, on the brow of the cliffs, with magnificent views.—To be LET, beautifully furnished, for a few months, a fine old HOUSE, recently almost rebuilt and now replete with all modern luxuries. Although so close to the sea, it possesses HEAVILY TIMBERED OLD GROUNDS with shady lawns and walks. The accommodation comprises fine suite of reception rooms, billiard, and 12 to 14 bedrooms.—Apply "D," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£100 DOWN WILL SECURE a delightful RESIDENCE in an open situation, within 5 minutes' walk of Hanwell Station (G.W. Ry.). It contains: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices; gardens back and front. 92 years' Lease at £8 10s. Ground Rent.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,067, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. BEAUTIFUL SITUATION.

TO BE SOLD, a medium-sized RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of over 300 acres, with an attractive RESIDENCE, beautifully fitted, and in perfect order: large hall, 4 reception, billiard, and 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and complete offices; excellent stabling for 14 horses; attractive pleasure grounds, farmery, cottage, and 2 lodges.—Box K 3,910, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE

TO ARTISTS, ANTIQUARIES, AND OTHERS.—A genuine old-world small RESIDENCE, situate on very high ground, commanding a grand panorama, within ½ an hour of City and West End: 3 quaint reception rooms on ground and entrance floors, with 2 fine old oak chimneypieces and beams, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, kitchen and offices on ground floor; pretty garden; electric light; modern drainage. Price for the Freehold, £1,850. Cost the present owner (who is leaving England) about £2,500.—Apply to Mr. KYFFIN FREEMAN, 52, Bedford Row, W.C.; or Messrs. RUSHWORTH and BROWN, 22, Savile Row, W.

TWO MILES FROM TAUNTON.—RESIDENCE and 18 acres, pretty situation: 3 reception rooms, and commodious domestic offices on ground floor; 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.) on first floor; 3 attic rooms; 3-stalled stable and loose box, 2 coach-houses, man's rooms; walled gardens, lawn, etc.; fine quality grassland and orchards, a portion affording good building sites. Price, £4,000.—Apply, A. and H. MAYNARD, 5, Hammet Street, Taunton.

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AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE in an exceedingly pretty part of Surrey, and only 35 minutes of London; well-timbered and pretty grounds of 2½ acres: 2 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; under 1 mile of station; an absolute bargain. Inspected.—Box H 7,610, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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Plantol Soap may well be called the "Pick of the Bunch." IT REALLY IS SO, for it embodies the choicest essences of Flowers and Fruit.

No better soap could be used.
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For the Toilet.

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prior to the application of the hot rollers. The effect of this combination on wrinkles is compared by Madame Celestine to an iron passed over a damp cloth, and the simile seems to be a singularly apt one.

All her creams, astringent lotions, powder, etc., are very old French recipes. Indeed, Madame Celestine may be said to have received her first inspiration to take up her rôle as skin specialist from the exclusive possession of these recipes. The skin food she holds as a very valuable asset, and it is especially efficacious with dry skins.

Notwithstanding, however, the heartwhole confidence she has herself in the whole of her treatment, there has wisely been recognised the immense rivalry in the field already. So, as a recent recruit, Celestine is prepared to prove her value at moderate prices. Such a pioneer has long, indeed, been wanted, and once this *salon* becomes known it will assuredly be speedily sampled by that vast army of women whose allowances, carefully administrated, have hitherto not admitted an indulgence in a recognised course of face treatment.

An incalculable amount of harm is done by the haphazard purchase of powders and emollients, and for the securing of these alone the most moderately endowed need not fear requisitioning the services at 35, Old Bond Street.

Photo *Manuel*

An Attractive French Model

In chain taffeta, with a velvet-hemmed brim, the crown being enclosed with a wealth of jay wings

A French Chapeau

Our illustration shows a charming French hat, fashioned of chain taffeta, the brim hemmed with velvet, and crown enclosed with a wealth of jay wings.

A Home of Beauty

One of the pretty *salons*, decorated in white and green, relieved by touches of old rose, at Mme. Celestine's, 35, Old Bond Street, where a highly successful skin treatment is carried on

THE MENU

SEASONABLE DISHES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

Bisque of Lobster

Remove the flesh from a lobster and pound it to a smooth paste. Put 2oz. of butter into a stewpan with one very finely sliced carrot, one onion, one leek, a dust of pepper, and a bunch of herbs; place a cover on the pan, and fry the contents for twenty minutes. Next pour rather more than a quart of good fish stock into the pan, colour with carmine, and bring to the boil. Leave the pan on the stove, and simmer for half an hour, or longer if the vegetables are not tender; then add the pounded lobster. Put into a basin 2oz. of crême de riz, and mix it with half a pint of good stock; add this by degrees to the pan on the fire. Stir all the time until the mixture boils, and then rub it through a hair-sieve; return the soup to the pan, let it get quite hot, but not boiling, and then stir into it half a pint of warm cream. Serve with dice of fried bread. This soup may be made with prawns, shrimps, or crab. For the fish stock, the bones and trimmings of any fish should be put in a pan with equal quantities of milk and water to cover them, add pepper and salt, a small onion sliced, one carrot sliced, and a blade of mace. Simmer for an hour, and strain. This is an excellent foundation for white soups and purées.

Fillets of Sole and Macaroni au Gratin

Take several small fillets of sole and lay them in lemon-juice and pepper. Grease a flat fireproof dish, place in it a layer of small boiled macaroni, then the fish, then a little more macaroni. Moisten well with white stock (made from the bones), and cook in the oven until the fish is done. Have ready some good white sauce flavoured with cheese, pour over, sprinkle with bread-crumbs, and brown in the oven.

Aspic of Chicken

INGREDIENTS.—Aspic jelly, one or two cold chickens, a few slices of ham, some gherkins and beetroot, two hard-boiled eggs. Cut the chicken and ham into small pieces. Melt the jelly, and pour some into a mould. Let it set, then put in some of the hard-boiled eggs (yolks and whites), chopped gherkins and beetroot; arrange them tastily. Pour in some more jelly. Continue in layers, adding beetroot, egg, etc., till the mould is filled. Put in a cold place or on ice. To turn out, place the mould in warm water for a minute. Garnish with a nice salad and mayonnaise sauce.

Ripe Fruit Salad with Cream

Have 1lb. of strawberries, ½lb. of red currants, ½lb. of white currants, ½lb. of cherries, ¼lb. of castor sugar, and half a pint of cream. Pick the fruit, place it in layers piled high on a glass dish, sprinkle the sugar over, and a few minutes before serving pour over the cream. Serve wafers or Savoy biscuits with the salad.

EMILIA.

"CYCLAX" SKIN REMEDIES

ABBREVIATED LIST OF "CYCLAX" REMEDIES

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.—Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.—The keynote of the proper treatment of the Skin. Cleanses it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, &c. Price **10/6** and **5/6**.

"CYCLAX" COMPLEXION MILK.—Whitens the Skin. Eradicates all lines. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA LOTION.—Most effective sedative and soothing preparation. Admirable for daily use as protection against extremes of heat and cold. Price **8/6** and **4/6**.

"CYCLAX" REDUCING FLUID.—Produces marvellous results in cases of Obesity. Reduces bulk without causing any inconvenience. Absolutely certain and innocuous. Price **10/6** or **12/6**.

THE "CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP.—For the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. Removes flabbiness under the Chin. Price **6/6**.

"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.—Is specially compounded to be used with the above device, and never fails to restore the contour of the Face. Price **7/6**.

THE SECRET OF THE PERFECT COMPLEXIONS OF THE NOTED BEAUTIES OF THE DAY IS NOW DISCLOSED, & THE REMARKABLE PREPARATIONS WHICH HAVE PRODUCED & RETAINED THESE EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS ARE AT LAST OBTAINABLE BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC ALTHOUGH FOR YEARS THEY HAVE BEEN EXCLUSIVELY SUPPLIED BY A SPECIALIST SOLELY TO HER PRIVATE PATIENTS.

CYCLAX REMEDIES CONTINUED:

"CYCLAX" FACE POWDER.—Invisible and antiseptic. Unlike any other Face Powder. Price **6/6**.

"CYCLAX" BLOOM OF NATURE POWDER.—Exact reproduction of natural colour. Price **3/6**.

"CYCLAX" SOAP.—Whitens and Softens the Skin. Emollient as washing in milk. Price **3/6** per Tablet.

"CYCLAX" HAIR STIMULANT.—Most reliable and effective. Immediately stops falling hair, restores it to its natural colour, stimulates the scalp, and gives the gloss of youth to the hair. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

"CYCLAX" EYE LOTION.—Relieves strain. Clears and brightens the Eyes, and strengthens the sight. Perfect tonic. Price **6/6**.

"CYCLAX" TRANSFORMING LOTION.—Most excellent protective agent, which imparts lovely transparent whiteness to the Skin. Price **6/6** and **3/6**.

"CYCLAX" BRACEINE.—Magnificent tonic; Rejuvenates the muscles. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

Write for descriptive Book entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," together with list of the "CYCLAX" Preparations.

Remittance must accompany every Order.....

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PORTABLE BUILDINGS.

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No. 58 Bungalow. Approximate Price, £174. Carriage paid and erected by our men.

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Kennels and Appliances of every description. Kennel, Poultry, and Tennis Fencing.

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TRY IT NOW

MOSS DAISIES, Etc., DESTROYED, and a BEAUTIFUL SWARD of FINE-COLOURED GRASS QUICKLY PRODUCED BY "CLIMAX" LAWN SAND.

Tins, 2/-, 3/6; 28 lbs. to dress 100 sq. yds., 6/-; 56 lbs., 11/-; 112 lbs., 20/-; 5 cwt., 90/-.

All Carriage Paid. Every enquiry invited. Thousands of users can testify to its efficiency

BOUNDARY CHEMICAL COY., CRANMER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

PREVENTS the Hair from falling off.

RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

IS NOT A DYE.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers, Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.

Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., Ltd., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

The Garden.

By H. C. DAVIDSON

To Obtain a Succession of Flowers

This is the time to go round the grounds with a note-book and to observe where colour is needed. Flowers are scarcer than they were in spring, and many perennials are merely masses of foliage. Broken ground especially offers to the landscape gardener unlimited possibilities. The slopes show off the flowers as they never can be shown on the flat, yet it is just here that only too often the opportunity is missed, and nothing but rough grass is allowed to grow. No doubt rabbits are sometimes responsible for this neglect. But rabbits can be wired out, and, of course, they must be wired out if any plants except rhododendrons are to be grown. These and other flowering shrubs are all valuable for the purpose, especially for the background, but in the bays formed by them should be massed herbaceous perennials of all kinds, arranged not only so as to harmonise in form and colour, but also so as to keep up an unbroken succession of colour from the beginning of March to the end of October. A glance through a list showing the flowering seasons of different species will help. The many varieties of Michaelmas daisies are most useful here, so are the kniphofias, while few plants are more attractive than the early chrysanthemums, their chief defect being that they often die in winter. It is not yet too late to sow seeds of some of these late-flowering perennials, and it is much less expensive to do so than to buy plants.

Cutting and Layers

Striking cuttings and layering are two other methods of propagation, which may be practised at the present time. The latter is more certain than the former, for a layer is merely a cutting which is supplied with food by the parent plant until it can provide for itself by means of its own roots. For the more valuable plants, therefore, or for those about which there is any doubt, such as carnations or most shrubs, it is the safer to use. All that is necessary is to make an incision at or just below a joint, to peg the joint firmly down into the ground, or, if preferred, into a pot, to cover it with soil, and to keep it moist. When strong roots are formed, the layers may be lifted and planted elsewhere. In the case of many shrubs and trees this may not be until the autumn of next year, but herbaceous perennials, such as carnations, will be ready for removal in September. Pinks root so readily as cuttings that there is no need to go to the trouble of layering. It is not really necessary to cut them, for the shoots, when pulled, nearly always separate at a joint, and these, used in the same way as pipings, are called pipings. Pinks and carnations produce the finest flowers when they are young. The latter should, therefore, be propagated every year, and the former every two or three.

Railway Arrangements for the Holidays

The Strenuous Vacation

Holidays are, for most of us, the most hard-worked time of our life. We never take things so seriously or exercise ourselves so strenuously as when we are supposed to be enjoying a vacation. The first labour is the choice of a stage for one's activities, whatever form they take, and the route whereby it may be reached, and that the strenuous holiday life may be led up to gradually, we proffer our readers a few suggestions and hints.

By the Premier Line

The London and North Western Railway, as befits the premier line, offers special facilities to every part of their enormous system, and whether one be inclined for golfing, angling, shooting, or mountain-climbing, a suitable district in the Midlands, the Lakes, Scotland, or Ireland is an easy choice. Excursions for convenient periods to the great towns served by this Company, have also been arranged.

Northward Ho!

Draw a line from Edinburgh to Peterborough, and from Peterborough to Cromer, and you roughly demark the choice of the best resorts, inland and seaside, served by the Great Northern Railway, who, both for August Bank Holiday and the rest of the summer season, run special services at cheap rates to Cromer, Sheringham, the Yorkshire towns on the North Eastern system, and Edinburgh and Scotland. A special daylight express excursion is being run to Edinburgh and Glasgow on August 1.

"The Route for Interesting Travel"

The Midland route from St. Pancras rightly has its many devotees, and the Company's 40-page holiday programme will be well appreciated, including, as it does, particulars of facilities to all the centres in the Midlands, Lancashire, Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. Every Thursday special sixteen-day tickets are issued to Ireland, *via* Heysham, while similar facilities are offered to Scotland every Saturday till September 5.

Far or Near?

The now well-known Great Central A.B.C. programmes are fascinating almost to bewilderment, for a choice of no less than 400 resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, North-East, and North-West Coasts and Scotland is offered. However, if one is floored by this superfluity, why not fall back on the sylvan and rural delights of Beechy Bucks, with its quaint, old-world villages within easy reach, if necessary, of Town, special cheap rates being in force to spots both far afield and near home.

The West for the Waverer?

The Great Western dubs itself "the holiday line," and it is not far out in doing so, for Devon, Cornwall, Southern Ireland, and Brittany are all on its system, and to each cheap fares are charged at this period. For instance, one can go to Brest for 33*s.* 6*d.* return, and to the other spots nearer home tickets on a like scale are issued. Why should not the Waverer go West?

East Anglia for the Angler—and Others

The Great Eastern is eminently the line for the golfer, yachtsman, and angler, for it taps the heart of the Norfolk Broads, where these more—and less—strenuous forms of holiday may be enjoyed to the full. Fast trains, with restaurant cars, touch all the centres, and special facilities are offered.

The Great Eastern programme also tempts one to a Continental holiday, eight-day tickets being issued to Brussels, *via* Harwich, on July 29, 30, 31, August 1 and 3, and other special arrangements are in vogue for the prospective visitor to Holland and to parts further afield, including Berlin, Zurich, Cologne, etc.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY SKIN SUFFERER

Shows Why "Antexema" Succeeds When Everything Else Fails.

IT is well to ask yourself two or three plain questions. Why endure discomfort when you can be easy? Why suffer from redness, roughness, or dryness of the skin when it may be rendered soft, smooth, and velvety? Why suffer from maddening irritation when you can be free from discomfort? Why be tormented and disfigured by eczema when a complete cure is within your reach? Why have pimples, blackheads, or any other facial blemish, when you can have a clear complexion? Every one of these skin affections are banished by "Antexema." Why, then, endure ills which can so easily be cured?

Why Suffer from Skin Illness?

There are diseases for which, as yet, Science has discovered no cure, and their victims have therefore to suffer, and long for a remedy that will alleviate their symptoms and take away their pain. Fortunately for skin sufferers, their troubles do not belong to this class. In "Antexema" is found a cure for every form of skin illness known to dermatologists. "Antexema" is just as certain as a cure for eczema in its worst, most torturing and disfiguring form as it is for roughness or chafing of the skin, pimples, and other slight ailments. "Antexema" may be used with the same confidence for a baby as for an adult, and wherever it is used you know beforehand that a cure will be effected.

The "Antexema" treatment is a thoroughly scientific treatment. It was the great discovery of a leading medical man, who studied, investigated, and experimented until at last his efforts were crowned with success. "Antexema" was the result, and the cures it worked in his private practice were so remarkable that he determined to give this great discovery to the whole world. Its success has been marvellous. Time after time correspondents write to say that they had exhausted every other means in their endeavour to get cured, without gaining the least satisfaction. Then they tried "Antexema." The first moment they commenced with "Antexema" they began to get better. Sleep returned, irritation disappeared, and soon a complete and lasting cure was gained.

Cure your skin illness now, because the longer skin illness is neglected the harder its cure becomes. Every day you wait you are running risks. To-day your skin is merely red, rough, or irritated. Use "Antexema" at once, and the trouble will soon disappear. Delay treatment, and eczema, psoriasis, nettlerash, or some other unpleasant skin trouble will have you in its grip. Surely you do not want to run risks of this kind? Surely you wish to avoid the discomfort and suffering that skin illness inflicts? If so, there is but one wise course. Adopt the "Antexema" treatment, and thus drive away every sign of skin illness. "Antexema" cures where every so-called remedy, doctors, and skin specialists have all failed.

How "Antexema" Cures

The secret of its curative power is easy to understand. If the skin becomes broken there is an instinctive desire to keep it covered up and to prevent the entrance of dust, dirt, and disease germs, and that is the "Antexema" principle, only it is carried out in a much better way. The moment you apply "Antexema," the skin absorbs the healing and antiseptic virtues, and an invisible artificial skin is formed over the affected part. This keeps out germs, dust, grit, and everything that can do mischief, and consequently the place at once commences to heal, and you soon have a clear, spotless, beautiful skin.

Specially note that "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment. It is a liquid, which is absorbed as soon as it is applied to the skin, so that it is invisible in use, and may be used on face, neck, or hands without anyone but yourself knowing anything about the matter.

If you are a skin sufferer you cannot afford to neglect "Antexema." Give it a trial immediately. Every chemist supplies "Antexema" at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or it will be sent direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, by the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, South Africa, and all British Dominions. Try it to-day.

"Antexema" was a doctor's discovery, and doctors prescribe "Antexema" for every skin illness in every part of the body. Marvellous cures are effected in cases which have resisted every other treatment.

The Editor's Box

"The Choice of Jewels"

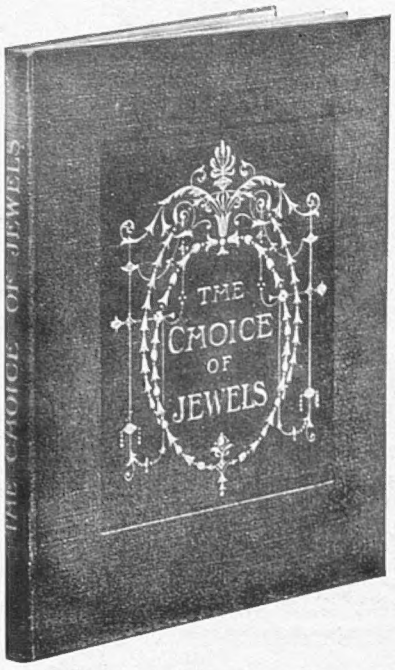
It has always been a matter of very great difficulty faithfully to illustrate jewellery so as to convey a good idea of the actual article without the least exaggeration. Messrs. Alexander Clark, Ltd., of 188, Oxford Street, and Fenchurch Street, have overcome this difficulty by the publication of a book, entitled "The Choice of Jewels," containing examples of jewellery in the latest and most exclusive designs. The illustrations are life-size from photographic reproductions, and are, as far as is possible, a true representation of the actual specimens. Talking of this firm, however, reminds me of the change of fashion in brushes. Whereas silver brushes have for a good many years been all the rage, the public taste is now returning to ivory or tortoiseshell and silver, which is, as a matter of fact, far more lasting and easier to keep clean. The Alexander Clark Company, having taken advantage of some favourable opportunities recently afforded them, purchased large quantities of the best African ivory at extremely low prices, so that they are now in a position to offer the best ivory specialities at prices far below those usually asked.

Never Neglect Skin Illness

It's an old saying that delay is dangerous, and this is specially true of skin illness. Pimples, spots, redness, or roughness of the skin are warnings that your skin is unhealthy. Such warnings demand immediate attention, and if you want to avoid future discomfort you must heed the warning. There is only one thing for you to do if you are threatened with skin illness. You must adopt the Antexema treatment, which is the one certain cure for every variety of skin trouble. Antexema is a soothing, healing cream which instantly allays irritation, and by the use of a single bottle the most severe skin trouble will often disappear. Antexema can be obtained of any chemist or store for 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, and every skin sufferer should act upon these words of advice by getting a bottle to-day.

The Royal Stand at the Stadium

The Royal Stand from which their Majesties the King and Queen viewed



A Reproduction of the Artistic and Exhaustive Catalogue of Jewels, issued by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Co., 188, Oxford St., W.

the Games was tastefully decorated and furnished by Waring and Gillow, Ltd. To prevent obstructing the view of the people behind as far as possible it was quite a simple structure, draped with red material, with gold fringe and tassels, and an awning available if required.

Summer Residences

Mary, Countess of Harrowby has taken "Southmead," Wimbledon Park; Minna, Lady O'Conor, "Alenho," Wimbledon; and Mr. Paul May (First Secretary to the Belgian Legation) has taken "Coombe Nevile," Kingston Hill — all of which have been let furnished for the summer months through the medium of Messrs. Hampton and Sons' Agency at Wimbledon.

Ireland in London

A visit to the Irish village at the Franco-British Exhibition is a sight not to be missed, for here the thatched cottages, Round Tower, Old Celtic Cross, peaty smells, and the troupes of bright-eyed colleens carry one in imagination to the green fields of Erin. In Linen Loom Cottage two old-fashioned looms are weaving lovely specimens of fine damask for Robinson and Cleaver, of 170, Regent Street, W., who, we understand, are giving some wonderful bargains in Irish linen at their July sale.

Seeds at the Show

Not one of the least attractive exhibits at the recent Agricultural Show at Newcastle was the stand of "Carter's Tested Seeds." Massive piles of roots, including Carter's Windsor Globe and new Red Emperor Mangels, were on prominent view. These are two of the varieties lately introduced under Carter's new and unique system of root selection. Another and important feature to attract all lovers of good vegetables were massive arches of Carter's Sunrise and Duke of York tomatoes, shown in their natural state of growth; whilst near by were seen numerous dishes of new and seedling varieties of peas, produced on Carter's Trial Grounds, noticeable among which were massive pods of their world-renowned pea, Carter's Quite Content, the winner of the Royal Horticultural Society's certificate the first year of introduction.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
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